

# THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. COXC }

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## A MADRIGAL.

I have lost Love!  
O tell me where to find him,  
That I with softest chains of rosy buds  
may strive to bind him!

I have lost Love!  
O tell me where to trace him,  
That I with footsteps swifter than the  
light may run and chase him!

I have lost Love!  
I know not how we parted,  
All for a word he flew away and left me  
broken-hearted.

I have lost Love!  
O how may I recapture  
The straying boy, and coax him back  
with kisses into rapture?

I have lost Love!  
O tell me where to meet him,  
That I with praying voice and pleading  
eyes may go and greet him!

If I find Love  
Hidden in secret places,  
I'll win him forth to yield himself again  
to my embraces!

If I find Love,  
I'll learn the way to hold him,  
I'll shut his wings, and in my heart for-  
evermore enfold him!

*Marie Corelli.*

The Poetry Review.

## DEATH AND THE FLOWERS.

Now is Death only plucking flowers; he  
leaves  
The garnered grain and sunset colored  
fruit.  
Neither to bending bough, nor mellow  
root  
Nor threshing of the amber harvest  
sheaves  
He comes; but where in joyous youth  
serene

The sunny blossoms laugh and fear no  
sickle keen.

Perchance he wearies of his ancient ways  
The hoards of treasure ripe and over  
ripe,  
The stale, familiar gleanings, true to  
type—  
Seedtime and sere and climacteric days;  
For now the dusky halls of Hades  
gleam  
With precious flower-light and broken  
hope and dream.

Gone; all their promise gone, for never-  
more  
Shall sun and rain rejoice to do them  
good,  
Or glad earth labor to create their food.  
Naked their places, and where, here-  
tofore,  
The shining blossoms sprang, that now  
are sped,  
Only remain the stocks who built and  
nourished.

The reaper reaps, of ruth all innocent.  
The sparkle and the splendor and the  
glow  
Sink into nothingness beneath his blow,  
Where the swathe falls and withers and  
is spent.  
Yet, sweeter than all fruit the days  
fulfill,  
Fragrance of flowers shall haunt our  
empty gardens still.

*Eden Phillpotts.*

The Westminster Gazette.

## LOVE'S BURIAL.

To Love I said: "You are dead!  
Lie there and sleep!  
I will bury you in the earth,  
Many, many feet deep.

"You are dead, Love, you are dead,  
I will not weep,  
I have buried you in the earth—  
Many, many feet deep."

Foolish was I. 'Tis thus  
That madmen rave!  
Even as I said the words—  
Love rose from the grave!

*Jessie Jackson.*

## CONGRESS AND THE WAR.\*

Only by a plebiscite could it be determined how the men and women of the United States stand on the war. Small hazard, however, would be incurred in making the statement that ninety or ninety-five per cent of those who are of American stock, and of English or Scottish ancestry, are wholehearted in their sympathy with the Allies. Despite this fact it cannot be said that the official reports of proceedings in Congress on questions raised directly or indirectly by the war are pleasant reading for sympathizers with the Allies. In the first part of the first session of the Sixty-fourth Congress—in the period from Dec. 6, 1915, to the end of March, 1916—the questions arising out of the war that had come before the Senate and the House of Representatives were the proposed embargo on the export of munitions, the British blockade, the censorship of mails exercised by the British Government, and Germany's threat of Feb. 10, 1916, that she would treat all armed enemy merchantmen as war vessels, and torpedo them without warning. In the discussion of these questions there were singularly few expressions of sympathy with the Allies; and, as was obvious in the discussions and divisions on the Gore and McLemore resolutions, there were, in both the Senate and the House, large groups of members who readily associated themselves with a movement which, had it succeeded, would unmistakably have been to the advantage of Germany in her submarine warfare, and with two or three other movements that, whatever may have been the domestic reasons for their origin, would greatly have hampered the Allies in equipping their forces, and hindered Great

Britain in the blockade of Germany.

President Wilson's neutrality proclamation of Aug. 20, 1914, sufficiently explains the fewness and the guarded character of expressions of sympathy with the Allies in the Senate and the House. The President, it will be recalled, urged that the citizens of the United States, "drawn from many nations, and chiefly from the nations now at war," must be impartial in thought as well as in action; that they must put a curb on their sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before the other. In the unprecedented conditions of the war, the President's proclamation, so far as the people of the United States are concerned, was a counsel of perfection. After twenty-one months of war, it cannot be asserted, either as regards the press or the platform, that there has ever been anything approaching a general acceptance of the counsel offered to the American people from the White House. Neither sympathizers with the Allies nor pro-Germans have found it possible to follow the President's advice. The German propaganda has been continuous in one form or another since the autumn of 1914. On the other hand, organizations have come into existence in recent months avowedly hostile to Germany. One of these is the American Rights Committee of New York, which advocates the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany. Another, the Citizens League for America and the Allies, insists that "our political ideals and our national safety are bound up with the cause of the Allies; that their defeat would mean moral and material disaster to our country"; and adds that "therefore this league is formed to use all lawful

\*"Congressional Record. Sixty-fourth Congress First Session." Vol. LIII, Nos. 1 to 86. Government Printing Bureau, Washington, D. C., 1916.

means to put this nation in a position of definite sympathy with the Allies, and in an equally definite position of moral disapprobation of the central Teutonic powers." There is, moreover, at least one instance in which a great iron and steel manufacturing company made it a condition in contracts for partly-finished material, that none of this material, and no finished materials made from it, should be exported to any European country except the United Kingdom, France, Italy or Russia, with a further condition that it should not be exported to any countries outside Europe or Canada without written notice of such shipments to the British Consul General at New York.

Senators and Representatives who sympathize with the Allies in general heeded the President's advice in their utterances in Congress. But there are eight million people of German origin in the United States; and the pro-German propaganda, at least that part of it which is addressed to German-Americans, has gone on continuously since August 1914. The division of it that was aimed at Americans—the division of which Dr. Dernburg was in charge until the "Lusitania" outrage made an abrupt end to his mission—was much less active after his departure. The other division, which is carried on among German-Americans, increased its activity as the war dragged on; and its leaders were particularly alert in organizing petitions to Congress for an embargo on munitions, for the prohibition of travel by American citizens on armed merchant ships, for the prohibition of war-loans in the United States, against the British blockade, and in opposition to any action by Congress with a view to "preparedness."

German-Americans are scattered all over the United States. They are most numerous in the states of New

York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Michigan, Ohio, Minnesota, Indiana, New Jersey, California, Nebraska, Kansas, and North and South Dakota. It is asserted by men who are active in the pro-German movement—a movement that has the support of eight hundred daily and weekly newspapers printed in the German language—that in these fifteen states there are 1,860,000 voters of German birth or descent;\* and none of the foreign-born citizens of the United States are today or ever were as well organized or as closely held together by race, language and interest as the German-Americans. The sympathies of many Swedish-Americans, Irish-Americans and Jewish-Americans are also with Germany. Moreover, there is in the cotton-growing states much irritation at the blockade, which has kept American cotton out of Germany, and curtailed the supplies of fertilizers that are used by the cotton-growers of the South. These conditions account for the fact that in both Houses of Congress, but particularly in the House of Representatives, there are many members who, in discussions on the embargo, on the blockade, and on the German demand that merchantmen shall not be armed, made speeches which, while not openly conflicting with the President's desire for neutrality, were evidently intended to ingratiate them with the pro-Germans in their constituencies. Senators and Congressmen were reminded almost daily in the earlier part of the session of the organization and activity of German-Americans in all parts of the country. Petitions in favor of movements in Congress which, if they had succeeded, would have been to the advantage of Germany, were numerous and largely signed. One petition against the export of munitions, promoted by the Organization of American Women for Strict Neutrality, was

\*"Frank Retort of a pro-German," *N. Y. Times*, May 18, 1916.



fifteen and a half miles long, and the Senate was assured that it contained over a million signatures.

Only a few petitions, and these only against an embargo on munitions, emanated from sympathizers with the Allies, Americans who were derisively described by a Congressman from Missouri as Tories, the name given to those who remained loyal to Great Britain in the Revolution of 1776. Consideration for the German-American vote was shown in many speeches in the House defending German-Americans from the charge made by President Wilson in a message to Congress, that there were citizens of the United States,

born under other flags, but welcomed here under our generous naturalization laws to the full freedom and opportunity of America, who have poured the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life, who have sought to bring the authority and good name of our government into contempt, to destroy our industries . . . and to debase our politics to the uses of foreign intrigue.

All this consideration for the German-American vote did not go without condemnation in Congress, Mr. J. S. Williams, in the Senate, described the Senator or Representative who was looking behind him at "some racial vote of some sort," not only as an unpatriotic American, but as a poor judge of human nature, and even a poor practical politician. In the House in the debate on the McLeMore resolution, Mr. S. Beakes, of Michigan, in whose home-country half the voters are either of German birth or descent, declared that, if the resolution, which not only warned American citizens off belligerent merchant ships but also told the world that the United States would not protect American rights on the high seas, "was not a futile bid for the German vote, then it must have

been for the ignoble purpose of securing peace by abdicating in advance American rights on the seas."

The first discussion of the proposed embargo on the export of munitions was in the House of Representatives on Jan. 7, 1916, about the time when petitions were beginning to be received from the pacifists and the pro-Germans urging that belligerents should no longer be permitted to obtain munitions in the United States. No bill or resolution had been introduced; but Mr. Gardner, a Republican from Massachusetts, obtained leave to address the House on the letter of Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, to the Austrian Government (dated Aug. 12, 1915), in which that Government was informed that

the principles of International Law, the practice of nations, the national safety of the United States and other nations without great military and naval establishments, the prevention of increased armies and navies, the adoption of peaceful methods for the adjustment of international differences, and finally neutrality itself, are opposed to the prohibition by a neutral nation of the export of arms, ammunition or other munitions of war to belligerent powers during the progress of a war.

Mr. Gardner, who is one of those Representatives who have never been careful to conceal where their sympathies lie, described Mr. Lansing's letter as "a good stout statement" of the position of the United States Government on the question of an embargo on munitions. He asked whether anything had happened to change the situation on this question in the five months since Mr. Lansing's note was communicated to the Austrian Government. "Yes, indeed," he answered, "Congress has assembled, and three groups of men are demanding the enactment of a law to stop the ex-

port of war material." These groups, as described by Mr. Gardner, are (1) the German-Americans, who demanded an embargo out of love for their fatherland; (2) the cotton kings, who joined in the chorus out of love for Mammon; and (3) the pacifist "who adds his hallelujah out of love for God." Examining the pleas of each of these groups, Mr. Gardner asked where the doctrine of the pacifist was carrying him. "His hatred of militarism would halt the very arms which are striving to destroy militarism. If he had his way, he would paralyze the only force in the universe which stands between him and the tender mercies of armed autocracy." Turning to the plea of the cotton king—the plea that the U. S. Government should put an embargo on munitions until Great Britain consents to pass cotton cargoes through the blockade to Germany—Mr. Gardner continued:

It is all the fashion to reprobate Great Britain now that she is fighting for her life; but if you think we were not glad to have her with us in Manila Bay, why, ask Admiral Dewey. However, the Spanish war is a thing of the past, and the cotton king deals strictly with the present and the future. He must have a still higher price for his cotton, even if the cause of democracy is to be sacrificed. Not content with his present splendid profits, he insists on even more. I will do him the justice to say that he does not play the hypocrite about the immorality of the ammunition trade. Give him his German market, and for all he cares you may trade in ammunition forever. He does not even pretend that the embargo for which he shouts is anything else than a weapon for the enforcement of compliance with his demands.

From munitions Mr. Gardner passed to sea-power and the blockade. He had listened in vain, he told the House, for a clear exposition of the meaning of the German demand for the freedom

of the seas. To whom, he asked, in times of peace have the seas been otherwise than free for a hundred years past? It was quite true that Great Britain had been the greatest sea-power throughout that time, but only pirates could justly charge her with using that sea-power to destroy the freedom of the seas. After all, some nation must be the strongest at sea. "I wonder," added Mr. Gardner, "whether Germany would prove a more considerate ruler of the waves."

The women who promoted the great petition presented to the Senate on Jan. 27 based their plea for an embargo on munitions on the ground that it was inhuman to export the "things which kill," and on President Wilson's statement in his neutrality proclamation that American citizens must be neutral in fact as well as in name, and that they must put a curb on every transaction which might give a preference to one party in the struggle. Senator Kenyon, a Republican from Iowa, was in charge of the petition; and he assured his colleagues that the signatories were not pro-British or pro-German. "They are," he added, "pro-American, pro-humanity, and pro-Christianity; and they are actuated only by the highest humanitarian motives."

Another note was struck when Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, addressed the Senate; for he submitted telegrams from four of his constituents in favor of an embargo for other reasons than those advanced by the Organization of American Women for Strict Neutrality. There was a similarity in wording and in substance between all four telegrams. It will be sufficient to quote one of them.

Pleasanton, Nebr., January 25, 1916.  
To Hon. G. M. Hitchcock, U. S. Senate,  
Washington, D. C.

Please work in Congress for an immediate embargo on shipment of war munitions, embargo to remain in force

until the accumulated grain is unloaded and released at the seaports. Shortage of grain cars in this territory is becoming alarming and getting worse. The condition of corn demands immediate movement.—D. Phillips.

In the ordinary course, the petition from the Organization of American Women for Strict Neutrality—an organization established in Baltimore, and widely suspected as a pro-German concern—would have gone to the Committee on Foreign Relations. But Senator Hitchcock was desirous that it should go to the Committee on Commerce. His contention was that these letters from Nebraskan grain traders presented a new issue.

This manufacture of deadly arms and ammunition has become of such absorbing and controlling interest in the East as to require new factories for the manufacture of these munitions, and the enlargement of old factories upon such a scale that the industry is becoming the chief business in the eastern part of the United States today; and the arms and ammunition, being thus manufactured for their deadly work in Europe, absorb the cargo space of our ocean-going vessels that ought to be given to the legitimate business of the United States. If appeals to the sentiment of the country, to the moral sense of the country, to the religious sense of the country, are not sufficient in this body to arouse a responding action, if they are not sufficient in this body to command the attention of Senators, perhaps they will listen to the cry that is coming up from the West, where legitimate business is being paralyzed by the absorption of the ocean-carrying vessels of the country in this damnable trade in arms and ammunition. ("Cong. Rec.," vol. liii, pp. 1793-1794).

On the Sunday following the discussion in the Senate a mass-meeting was held in Boston in favor of preparedness for war, and in opposition to the Baltimore movement for an

embargo on munitions. It was from this Boston meeting that there was sent to Congress one of the comparatively few petitions against the proposed embargo. The meeting was largely attended by men and women who are interested in the Citizens' League for America and the Allies; and by a vote of 2300 to 3 a series of resolutions was adopted, dealing with the question of neutrality as well as with the proposed embargo on munitions. One resolution declared that neutrality did not forbid Americans, either as individuals or as a nation, from expressing their condemnation of any warfare that "outrages international treaties, or violates the territory of nations which seek only to maintain their independence and to protect their homes." Another resolution protested against every effort, "whether among the people or in the government, to restrict or suppress the export of munitions of war to any belligerent, since such restriction or suppression of commerce must, under the conditions which the war has developed, constitute an evident, if not avowed, act of national partisanship."

These resolutions were embodied in the petition which Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, presented to the Senate on Feb. 7. There was included a third resolution, which declared that the petitioners were inflexibly opposed to any policy which might represent that the United States "dare not protest against wrongs which we condemn, or that we hesitate, at the risk of life, to defend the flag and those who have the right to its protection, or to take our just part in the enforcement of those principles of humanity without which there can be no peace or justice." German-American organizations, as the pages of the Congressional Record abundantly show, made one of their hardest and longest drives against the export of munitions.

They had much help from pacifists who do not sympathize with Germany, and some help also in Congress from representatives from southern states aggrieved at the closing by the Allies of the German and Austrian markets for cotton, which in the year before the war absorbed 2,557,000 bales of the American staple. But after Mr. Lansing's letter of Aug. 12, 1915, to the Austrian Government, there was never any likelihood of an embargo on the export of munitions; and in the Senate, after the debate of Jan. 27, nothing more was heard of the petition from the Organization of American Women for Strict Neutrality.

In the autumn of 1915 there was much agitation in the cotton-growing States over the British blockade, which curtailed the market for cotton and prevented the planters from importing their potash from Germany. One result of the agitation was a discussion of the blockade in the Senate in the first week of the session. It was on a resolution proposed by Mr. Hoke Smith, a Democrat from Georgia, who stated that the U. S. Government had contested the legality of the Orders-in-Council virtually blockading the neutral ports of Northern Europe, and moved that the Committee on Foreign Affairs should be instructed to investigate the subject and make suggestions. Mr. Smith's case for action by the United States was that for a hundred years British courts and British text-books had recognized rules of international law determining the rights of neutrals—rules that Great Britain was recklessly disregarding in the blockade. There could be no pretense, Mr. Smith contended, that this action was legal. "Indeed," he continued, "there is no such pretense. It is a bold, reckless disregard of that freedom of the seas, which is the right of neutrals by the customs of nations and rules of international law."

Mr. Lodge, of Massachusetts, although, as he told the Senate, as anxious as anyone could be to protect American rights in trade, was also anxious that, if the question of the violation of rights were to be taken up by Congress, it should be put not on the lowest ground alone, but on the highest ground as well.

"I think it is of great importance," he said, "that we should vindicate our rights as a neutral in trade if those rights have been violated; but I think it is far more important that we should extend protection and assure security to American citizens wherever they rightfully are, for I do not believe that any government can long retain the respect of its own people if it does not give them the protection to which they are entitled. . . . To me American lives are more important than American dollars. The body of an innocent child floating dead on the water, the victim of the destruction of an unarmed vessel, is to me a more poignant and a more tragic spectacle than an unsold bale of cotton.

"I think, if we are to investigate and inquire with a view of action, such deeds as these should not be omitted. I am not willing to get into a passion over an infringement of our trade, and then allow American citizens to lose their lives and pass it by in frigid silence. I think the United States stands for something higher in the world than mere trade and mere dollars. I do not want to see our citizens wronged in their property but I think we should also stand, and above all, for morality and humanity in the dealings of nations with each other."

The resolution proposed by Senator Smith, and amended by Mr. Lodge to include the investigation of attacks upon or destruction of the "Gulflight," "Falaba," "Lusitania," "Arabic," "Ancona," "Hesperian," and "Petrolite," and also of the alien conspiracies denounced by President Wilson, was referred to the Committee on Foreign

Relations; and there was no farther action in the Senate in regard to the blockade until Jan. 28. Then Mr. Walsh, a Democrat from Montana, whose specialty in blockade discussions is copper, introduced a bill to interdict commercial intercourse between the United States and any foreign country which should unlawfully interfere with foreign trade of the United States. He also protested against the censorship and the delay of mails, and complained that trade between the United States and neutral countries was conducted only with such persons on the Continent as the British authorities might graciously permit to engage in it:

Acquiescence in such a course marks the country submitting to it as a subject nation. . . . The logic of the situation is plain. If the Allies decline to yield to reason, we must cease trading with them. It would be the supremest folly to go to war over the present situation or any that is likely to develop out of it when a remedy, wholly efficacious, that involves no sacrifice of life, is open to us. War would necessarily involve an embargo, since there could be no traffic with an enemy. Our rights as an independent nation are at stake, and we ought not to hesitate at any monetary or other loss necessary to maintain them ("Cong. Rec.," vol. liii, p. 1864).

Like Mr. Smith's resolution, Mr. Walsh's bill was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, the most overburdened committee of the Senate, and on Feb. 7 there was also referred to this committee, at the instance of Mr. Smith, a communication which was of some significance to the censors in London. It was an article from the "Daily Trade Record," of New York, and was based on an article in the "Newcastle Illustrated Chronicle." This article showed, according to Mr. Hoke Smith, that in Great Britain it is now recognized that cotton is no longer

necessary in Germany for the manufacture of powder.

It is also an English concession that the British Government placed cotton upon a contraband list as the result of popular clamor based upon a misapprehension of the facts. The article is quite short, but the information is valuable, and instead of presenting it in the shape of a discussion on the floor, I should like to have it printed in the Record. I think we will all be interested to have this valuable information ("Cong. Rec.," vol. liii, p. 2481).

The Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives also had its work increased by movements in Congress against the blockade. A resolution similar to that proposed by Mr. Hoke Smith in the Senate was moved in the House by Mr. Fess, of Ohio, who was anxious that the United States Government should stiffen its backbone, and, to quote Mr. Fess, "not take orders from any country outside our own." From his reading of London newspapers, Mr. Fess had reached the conclusion that the British Government was being urged, in regard to the blockade, to pursue such policy as would best aid the Allies, regardless of the wishes of the United States:

You ask me, "What are you going to do about it?" I will tell you what I might be willing to do. We may be driven to it here, not because it is our wish or desire, but as a measure to compel respect for our rights; and that is, if Great Britain will not respect our rights as defined in law, I am about ready to vote now to stop all the munitions of war going to her (applause) ("Cong. Rec.," vol. liii, p. 944).

A pronouncedly pro-German note was struck in these debates on the blockade on Jan. 25, when Mr. Bennet, a Republican from New York, interpreted to the House the view which "our fellow-citizens of German birth" took as regards the negotiations of the



State Department with the Government at Berlin over the "Lusitania" and other vessels torpedoed by Germany, and the negotiations with Great Britain over the blockade. Taking cognizance of the notes that went to Germany:

they called upon us to note that as between the Central Powers and ourselves a solution of these problems is being reached which bids fair to be creditable to both sides; but they also note that there is no strict accountability note going to Great Britain; and they demand, as Americans, that we present an American policy and stand by it as against the whole of the world or any portion of it.

Mr. Bennet further expressed himself in agreement with a remark that had been made by Mr. Mann, Republican leader of the House, that the United States stands a far better chance, "with these daily recurring instances of high-handed oppression to our citizens and our commerce, of getting into trouble with Great Britain than with Germany.

The only movement in Congress that attracted public attention all over the United States—the only movement out of which anything approaching a crisis developed—arose out of Germany's intimation to the neutral powers on Feb. 10, 1916, to the effect, that after Feb. 29, it was her intention to treat all armed enemy merchantmen as belligerents, liable to attack by submarines without warning. There had been some discussion in both Houses before Feb. 10 on the question of armed merchantmen; and bills had been introduced suspending the right of American citizens to travel on ships of the belligerent nations. So early as Jan. 5, Mr. T. P. Gore, a Democrat of Oklahoma, had introduced two such bills in the Senate. The object of the first was to prevent the issuance of passports for use on belligerent ships. The purpose of the second bill was to

withdraw protection from citizens of the United States who persisted in traveling on vessels of the belligerents, to prevent belligerent ships from entering or clearing from ports of the United States if they carried American citizens as passengers and to prevent American vessels from transporting American citizens as passengers and contraband of war at the same time upon the same vessel.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Mondell, of Wyoming, had introduced a bill to prohibit citizens carrying United States passports from traveling on armed merchantmen. These bills had been referred to committees with no likelihood that they would be favorably reported; but their introduction and the discussions on submarine warfare had made it obvious that, in both the House and the Senate, there were large groups of members—Democrats as well as Republicans—who were willing, at the behest of Germany, to surrender the right of citizens of the United States to travel on merchant vessels of the belligerent powers. This was the situation in Congress before Feb. 10 when Germany announced that it was her intention to treat all armed merchantmen as belligerents, liable to attack by submarines without warning. Within a few days the situation was seriously changed by the introduction of what, in the congressional crisis of Feb. 29—March 7, were known as the McLeMore and Gore resolutions. The McLeMore resolution was introduced in the House on Feb. 17. The Gore resolution was submitted to the Senate on Feb. 25. By the McLeMore resolution the House was asked to express the determination of the people and the Government of the United States "both to uphold all American rights, and to exercise care, consideration and wisdom in avoiding actions which tend to bring American citizens and American interests into the zone of conflict where the passions of war are raging."



The resolution was at once referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The Gore resolution was, in the phraseology of Congress a concurrent resolution. It differed from a joint resolution in that, if it had been carried in both Houses, it would have been only an expression of the opinion of Congress, whereas a joint resolution, when signed by the President, has the force of law. At a later stage during the crisis that developed out of these two resolutions Senator Gore offered an amendment in his resolution. As introduced, the resolution had a preamble of seven clauses, the sixth of which read:

Whereas the right of American citizens to travel on armed belligerent vessels rather than on unarmed vessels is essential neither to their life, liberty or safety, nor to the independence, dignity or security of the United States.

The seventh clause insisted that, as Congress is vested with power to declare war, it is under an obligation to "prevent war by all proper means consistent with the honor and vital interest of the nation." The resolution read as follows:

That it is the sense of the Congress, vested as it is with the sole power to declare war, that all persons owing allegiance to the United States should in behalf of their own safety and the vital interest of the United States forbear to exercise the right to travel as passengers upon any armed vessel of any belligerent power, whether such vessel be armed for offensive or defensive purposes; and it is the further sense of the Congress that no passport should be issued or renewed by the Secretary of State, or by anyone acting under him, to be used by any person owing allegiance to the United States for purposes of travel upon any such armed vessel of a belligerent power ("Cong. Rec.," vol. liii, p. 3556).

As was the case with the McLemore resolution, the Gore resolution was re-

ferred without discussion to a committee. It went to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Both resolutions might have been "cushioned" in the respective committees until the end of the session, had it not been for the intervention of the President, who on Feb. 29 made it known to the House Committee on Rules, and to Senator Stone, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, that the introduction of these resolutions had created a false impression abroad; that they were hampering negotiations then proceeding with Germany in regard to submarine warfare; and that it was imperative that they should be disposed of in the Senate and the House without delay. In the House, only the Committee on Rules could expedite matters as desired by President Wilson. Consequently it was to Mr. Pou, ranking member of the committee, in the absence of Mr. Henry, the chairman, that the President addressed his letter.

The report that there are divided counsels in Congress in regard to the foreign policy of the Government (wrote the President) is being made industrious use of in foreign capitals. I believe that report to be false; but, so long as it is anywhere credited, it cannot fail to do the greatest harm and expose the country to the most serious risks. I therefore feel justified in asking that your committee will permit me to urge an early vote upon the resolutions with regard to travel on armed merchantmen which have recently been so much talked about in order that there may be afforded an immediate opportunity for full public discussion and action upon them, and that all doubts and conjectures may be swept away, and our foreign relations once more cleared of damaging misunderstandings ("Cong. Rec.," vol. liii, p. 4406).

President Wilson's first discussion of the resolutions with Senator Stone was at

the White House on Monday, Feb. 28. Following this conference there was an exchange of letters between the President and Mr. Stone, letters that are of importance in view of the fact that in them the President offered a detailed explanation of his policy in regard to the German intimation of Feb. 10. In a letter to the President dated Feb. 29, Mr. Stone stated what he supposed to be Mr. Wilson's attitude.

The essential paragraphs in the President's letter in reply to Senator Stone are these:

You are right in assuming that I shall do everything in my power to keep the United States out of war. I think the country will feel no uneasiness about my course in that respect. Through many anxious months I have striven for that object, amid difficulties more manifold than can have been apparent upon the surface, and so far I have succeeded. I do not doubt that I shall continue to succeed. The course which the Central European powers have announced their intention of following in the future with regard to undersea warfare seems for the moment to threaten insuperable obstacles; but its apparent meaning is so manifestly inconsistent with explicit assurances recently given us by those powers with regard to their treatment of merchant vessels on the high seas, that I must believe that explanations will presently ensue which will put a different aspect upon it. We have had no reason to question their good faith or their fidelity to their promises in the past, and I for one feel confident that we shall have none in the future.

But in any event our duty is clear. No nation, no group of nations, has the right, while war is in progress, to alter or disregard the principles which all nations have agreed upon in mitigation of the horrors and sufferings of war; and, if the clear rights of American citizens should very unhappily be abridged or denied by any such action, we should, it seems to me, have in honor no choice as to what our own course should be.

For my own part, I cannot consent to any abridgment of the rights of American citizens in any respect. The honor and self-respect of the nation is involved. We covet peace, and shall preserve it at any cost but the loss of honor. To forbid our people to exercise their rights for fear we might be called upon to vindicate them would be a deep humiliation indeed. It would be an implicit, all but an explicit, acquiescence in the violation of the rights of mankind everywhere and of whatever nation or allegiance. It would be a deliberate abdication of our hitherto proud position as spokesmen, even amid the turmoil of war, for the law and the right. It would make everything this government has attempted, and everything that it has accomplished, during this terrible struggle of nations meaningless and futile.

It is important to reflect that, if in this instance we allowed expedience to take the place of principle, the door would inevitably be opened to still further concessions. Once accept a single abatement of right, and many other humiliations would certainly follow, and the whole fine fabric of international law might crumble under our hands piece by piece. What we are contending for in this matter is of the very essence of the things that have made America a sovereign nation. She cannot yield them without conceding her own impotency as a nation, and making virtual surrender of her independent position among the nations of the world ("Cong. Rec.," vol. liii, p. 3807).

President Wilson's intervention promptly brought about the action in Congress that he desired. The parliamentary machinery necessary to bring the resolutions from the committees was soon in motion. The Senate responded to the President's request on March 3. The next day the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House reported the McLeMORE resolution with a recommendation that it be laid on the table; and after an exciting sitting,

which was followed with intense interest all over the country, the House, by a vote of 276 to 142, adopted the recommendation of the Committee. In the Senate, Mr. Stone moved that the Gore resolution be laid on the table. There can be no discussion on a motion to table; but, before the motion was made, Senator McCumber had proposed a substitute for the Gore resolution, a resolution which would have called on citizens of the United States to refrain from travel on armed merchantmen "until an arrangement had been reached between this country and the warring nations, to the end that the endeavors of the President may not be jeopardized or halted, or this government forced into hostility with another country because of the unnecessary or reckless attitude of any citizen of the United States." Senator Gore at this time also offered the amendment to his resolution of Feb. 25. He proposed to leave the preamble as it stood, but to substitute a new resolution which declared that:

the sinking by a German submarine without notice or warning of an armed merchant vessel of her public enemy, resulting in the death of a citizen of the United States, would constitute a just and sufficient cause of war between the United States and the German Empire ("Cong. Rec.," vol. liii, p. 3966).

Under the rules no opportunity was afforded at this stage to Mr. McCumber to speak to his resolution; and Mr. Gore had no opportunity to explain why he desired to make the proposed change. The motion made by Senator Stone to table the original Gore resolution was amended to cover the substitute and amended resolutions; and on a division it was carried by 68 to 14. Two Democrats, usually supporters of the Wilson Administration, and twelve Republicans were in the minority against tabling the Gore resolu-

tion. With the exception of Senator O'Gorman, of New York, and Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, all these Senators are from western states, in which there are many German-Americans, and also large numbers of Swedish-Americans who, like many Irish-Americans in the large cities both in the East and the West, are pro-German in their sympathies.

A readiness to start movements which would embarrass the Allies was even more marked among groups in the House of Representatives than in the Senate. Senators since 1911 have been elected by direct popular vote. The term of a Senate is six years; and thirty-two Senators will be elected in November. The term of Representatives is two years; and all the members of the House who are seeking re-election must go before their constituents at the approaching election. This fact, and the organized political activity of the German-Americans, explain these movements in the House, and account for the fact that much more popular interest centered in the fate of the McLeMore resolution than in proceedings in the Senate on the Gore and McCumber resolutions. Nearly forty members took part in the debate in the House. They represented every section of the United States—the Atlantic Coast, the South, the West, the Middle West and the Pacific Coast; for the debate was the only full-day debate in the House, from Dec. 7 to the time of the "Sussex" crisis and President Wilson's note to Germany of May 10, on a question arising out of the war or out of any action either by Germany or the Allies.

Mr. McLeMore's argument for his resolution was that Germany would not swerve from the policy she had announced on Feb. 10; and that, if the United States insisted on the right of neutrals, it would become involved in the war with the Central Powers. The spirit which actuated him in introducing

the resolution can be judged from one paragraph in his speech:

If anyone seeks evidence of the denial of American rights at sea, let him examine why cotton is contraband; why milk for starving babies and rubber gloves cannot go to Germany; why not a pound of American produce can move from any Atlantic or Gulf port to any neutral port in the world without the permission of an English consular spy; why hundreds of cargoes have been taken into English ports, confiscated or ruined; why not a single piece of mail can leave America for Europe with the assurance that it will reach its destination; why the American ships "Hocking" and "Genesee" and "Kankakee" are today impressed into English service, though they had not even attempted to cross the ocean, but only to sail along the coast of America. Let us learn why a distinguished American woman was stripped of every piece of her clothing by men in the presence of men—English "gentlemen" doubtless—because she talked to a German on a Dutch ship! Let us look upon these matters, and we shall find plenty of stern business to do in the line of protecting the freedom of the seas! ("Cong. Rec.," vol. liii, p. 4326).

For American sympathizers with the Allies there were two disagreeable surprises in the division on the McLemore resolution. In the House the Democrats number 228; the Republicans 197. In addition there are six Progressives, and four members elected as independents or socialists. The Progressives are of the new party created in 1912, when Mr. Roosevelt broke away from the Republicans and was nominated for the presidency in opposition to Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson. The first disturbing surprise was that out of 435 members not more than 276 were willing to vote against the McLemore resolution. The second was that Mr. Mann, of Illinois, the leader of the Republican party in the House, and 101 other Republicans, as well as five of the

Progressives, were in the minority of 142 against the tabling of the resolution.

Twelve Republicans were in the minority of fourteen against the tabling of the Gore and McCumber resolutions in the Senate. The votes of these Republican Senators had made it obvious that Mr. Root, who was then one of the prospective candidates for the nomination of the Republican National Convention, was not carrying the congressional leaders with him in the policy that he had announced at the New York State Republican Convention on Feb. 16. Mr. Root had asked in his speech delivered on that occasion, obviously with Germany in mind, "How can we prevent the same principles of action, the same policy of conduct, the same forces of military power which are exhibited in Europe, from laying hold upon the vast territory and practically undefended wealth of the new world?" He had, moreover, complained that, in regard to the violation of Belgium, the Government at Washington had failed to rise to the demands of the great occasion, and lamented that "gone were the old love of justice, the old passion for liberty, the old sympathy with the oppressed, the old ideals of an America helping the world towards a better future."

With the then possibility that the nomination would go either to Mr. Root or Mr. Roosevelt, and with the certainty that the presidential election in November will turn on questions arising out of the war—and in particular on the attitude of the United States towards Germany—it was surprising to sympathizers with the Allies that there were twelve Republican votes in the Senate against tabling the Gore and McCumber resolutions. It was an even greater surprise that Mr. Mann and 101 Republicans and five Progressives were in the minority in the House of Representatives against tabling the McLemore resolution. But Senators

and Congressmen—Congressmen in particular—are much better acquainted with the numerical strength of the German-American vote, the Irish-American vote, and the Swedish-American vote in their constituencies than Mr. Root or Mr. Roosevelt; and their knowledge of the strength and organization of these electors, and the

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support that these citizens of foreign origin can command in the German-American press, explain much that at first sight is surprising in the speeches and movements in Congress relating to those aspects of the war in which the interests of Germany, as opposed to the interests of the Allies, are immediately concerned.

*Edward Porritt.*

### THE BALANCE OF POWER.

In the third year of the war, which is rather a physical movement of Peoples than a war in the old professional or Princely sense, the Democracy of Britain is still trying to understand what it is fighting for, what, to be exact, are the ends proclaimed in magnificent language by Mr. Asquith, short of which we will "never sheathe the sword." To answer merely Victory is not enough—all nations who go to war fight for victory, which is the platitude of war—because, apart from the difficulty of defining victory, of agreeing among ourselves, that is, what constitutes a sufficiency of defeat, we have today to face the nature of war in modern conditions; which, as it has upset all preconceived notions of warfare, so may not improbably upset all preconceived notions of the results of war, both positive and consequential.

The positive results of war are, of course, conquest or absolute victory. History books are filled with the theme. To the average man, history is little else than a record of battles, and the names we know best in this world are those of the men who won them. Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington, etc., these men are the creators of power; it is the legacy of their works which has taught us the doctrine of the Balance of Power, which is the cause of the European war.

But war seldom has positive results, and even the positive results have no

permanency. What lives of Cæsar is his lucid history. Napoleon has left a code and a system of roads. Even the creators of power leave but the epitaph—of themselves. The Balance remains a balance, like all things human on this globe.

Most wars, in short, end in purely temporary results, as the history of the last fifty years shows only too significantly. France was not smashed by Bismarck in 1870; she was only temporarily incapacitated; today she lives, more glorious than ever and more powerful. The Russo-Japanese war ended in negative victory. The Bulgars, forced a couple of years ago to their knees by conquering Serbia and Greece, today swarm over an absolutely conquered Serbia, while Turkey, similarly thrashed out of Europe, has inflicted two of the greatest defeats upon British arms in our annals.

There is no need to continue. War, which is the expression or ultimate reason of diplomacy, settles then, as we see, few things, and settles those but temporarily. And this is naturally the case. War is the energy of man. As there is nothing final, nothing stable, nothing permanent, so there is, and can be, no stability or permanency of human energy. There is consequently no such thing as equality. Without the idea of permanency, equality obviously can have no reality. And as energy is the equation or significance of Man, so



force is his expression; and as Power is thus the significance of Peoples in accordance with the principles of man collectively and nationally asserted, so war is, in the last instance, the expression of nationality, from which conception or ratification of the ethics of force we have the doctrine of the Balance of Power and the present European system.

The Balance of Power in recent years seemed to denote progress. Men pointed to the diminution of points—national points—of danger. No doubt the word balance conveyed a reassuring idea: it had a judicial sound. And for some years the group system maintained the peace of Europe until the notion grew in England that the group system had solved the question of war chiefly on the hypothetical ground that war by groups was too terrible a thing to contemplate. But on the Continent this delusion was never shared.

If, then, the ideas of men frequently carry them off the earth, the energy of men most certainly does not soar in the clouds. Our visionaries forgot that the groups were armed, and kept on arming, to the teeth, and that, if there were less individual nations to fear, the group system aimed at and rested solely on Power, the one balancing against the other. That was the position in Europe up to August, 1914. War came inevitably as the result of the European system, the two extremities having reached the point of collision. The Balance of Power could not endure any longer under its own fierce competitive tension. It broke down, as history has shown that peace does break down in periodical cycles as of inflated human energy which seeks a solution in violence.

Not everyone will admit this, of course. In time of war it is difficult to think dispassionately, and in truth, we can honestly assert that we neither

made the war nor desired it. But there is no need to inquire into the origins of the present conflagration. It is the struggle for Power, as the result of the system of Balance of Power, and that being incontestably so, it is clear that Power alone can decide it. The question we do not seem to grasp is the logic of this all-paramount situation. What constitutes victory? What is the minimum of defeat we can accept? And also, seeing that it is the direct concern of every man and woman in these Islands, what conditions could we accept in the event of a negative issue, and what use would they be to us? What, in short, is the irreducible minimum we are fighting for?

Granted a positive victory, the solution is clear enough—at any rate, for a certain number of years. The time has come, however, when we should throw off all delusions, and definitely make up our minds what it is we Allies mean by victory or a sufficiency of defeat. Now here plain speech is essential. Let us examine the definition of victory. It is perfectly simple.

To win the war, we have to defeat the German Armies on the field. We have to drive them out of the occupied lands that we have pledged ourselves to restore and exact retribution for; we have to crush the fighting energy of Central Europe, unless in the process of defeating the common enemy we can detach the hostile groups severally or collectively from their center, which we rather vaguely designate as Prussia. So much is axiomatic. With those who imagine, after nearly two years of experience, that Germany can be starved out or smashed by any of the latent forces of war other than by violence, I do not propose to argue. Men who think like that either cannot, or will not, understand realities; they are not on earth. The axiom of war then stands. Violence must be crushed



by superior violence, or not at all. And this truth leads us to the conclusion we have all got to face: that to win the war we have to defeat the Germans, and so defeat them that they are compelled to accept the terms that we may see fit and well to impose upon them for the security of ourselves and of Europe.

That is our goal. We are pledged to win. The war must therefore continue until we have secured victory or the total defeat of the Germanic Armies.

I do not suppose any man seriously expects that we intend to, or can, physically crush Germany. To do that, we would have to annihilate the German Armies and sterilize the German women. It is not humanly possible or desirable. By victory, then, we do not mean the extinction of the German race. Our purpose is not to blot out the Huns from the map of Europe. It is to secure military victory—victory, that is, which leaves the Allied and conquering Balance of Power superior in force to the defeated group or balance, in order to redress the evil done and secure some relative standardization of peace.

*So long as the principle of Balance of Power is upheld.* But that will not end war, or bring about the era of Peace we speak of, or even make for it. On the contrary. As force breeds force, so the Balance of Power stands for force. Change it about, and you have but a transvaluation of values. The reason, the equation of war, will remain, plus all the incentive of revenge which defeat necessarily generates in the vanquished, and so all the uncertainty which leads men to arm and prepare with all the attendant expenditure. When we speak of winning, it is this that we have to bear in mind. If the conditions of war are Power, then obviously it is the conditions that we have to remove, if the idea of Peace as an institution is to be other than a chimera. And if the war is to end merely in a

shifting of the Balance of Power, then we shall discover only too soon that all our fine words and protestations have been in vain, and that war will continue to be man's final and national expression.

Unless humanity itself changes as the result of this war, and Kings and Emperors, soldiers and politicians, armament manufacturers and professors, youth and age agree to agree to face the future in a contrite spirit of Pacifism. But that to me seems but a dream. All the evidence of history is against any such revolution of human thought and morals; moreover, it is diametrically opposed to all known laws—and they are laws—of human energy, which can never agree to agree because there is no finality, no permanency, no equality, no stability, so far as we know, in life or in the things of this cosmos. And even if it were so, and European humanity suddenly saw equally, judged equally, and thought equally as the result of the horrors of the present war, such morality will have no reason in any system based on the Balance of Power, which connotes force—whether by nation or group—as the controlling argument. Moreover, leave but a fragment of Power in the hands of any one Party, and there will arise opposition, rivalry, ambition, envy, *energy*, which will needs be suppressed in turn by energy, and so lead back again to the old conditions and balances. For this energy is life itself. Are we to imagine that the instincts and foundation springs of man will change as the result of cataclysm, however terrible? I cannot think so. I cannot believe that any man capable of clear thought does think so.

For the nonce all this is "future music." The immediate and only question for us is the war, with its corollary peace, as affected by the existing system of Balance of Power. I fear there are still important sections in this country

who fail utterly to realize the significance of, and issues dependent on, the present upheaval.

Briefly stated, the Germans went to war to upset the Balance of Power in their favor. That was their avowed aim. In Germany the idea is known as Pan-Germanism. It is thus the aim and object of the Allies to frustrate the German intention by asserting and imposing their own physical superiority. Now follows the logical conclusion. It is this. The Balance of Power remains—we hope in our favor. That means that war remains with us, and armaments remain to meet war—in other words, the condition of war is reasserted.

For we have seen that Germany cannot be crushed, rendered innocuous, that is, for all time, so that unless we can bring about by force the disruption and disintegration of the German and Austrian Empires—and this object can only be achieved (1) by the dismemberment of the House of Austria, (2) by the forcible partition of what is today the German Empire—the maximum we can win to under the system of Balance of Power is, curtly stated, the assertion of the Allied supremacy of Power, thereby dislocating the Balance up to 1914 in favor of other Continental Balances; which end, however satisfactory immediately and morally, will in reality neither establish the security of such supremacy, seeing that no conditions are permanent and energy is naturally progressive and unreliable, nor in the least solve the great problem of how to put an end to war, for which object we appear to imagine we are fighting.

There are possibilities, of course. A European Federation is one. The establishment of a European Court of Justice is another, but this latter would seem merely a lawyer's expedient utterly incompatible with the teachings of history and the natural energies of Man. The idea of Federation will obviously

depend on the nature of the end of the war or the degree of victory obtained. But I am not concerned with any Utopian conceptions of settling our poor humanity. I am looking at the war in the light of our working system, the Balance of Power, and I contend it is high time that this Democracy faced the gigantic problem before us as it is, and not as we fondly imagine it to be.

That problem is this: Under the present system of European Power, the war can only end with the assertion of supremacy of what we term the Balance of Power on the one side or the other, and this even if the war ends in stagnation or all-round exhaustion, which, again, is unlikely.

Fighting for Power or the dislocation of the old Balance, the German-Austrian group either obtains it or loses it. But as we cannot obliterate the Huns, so neither can they exterminate us. The system, therefore, will remain. If the Germans are utterly defeated, the Balance of Power will be adjusted in our favor, and to maintain that Balance we shall have not only to maintain the force necessary to safeguard it, but very particularly the association of the group which secured the ascendancy. If, again, the war ends in partial victory, in terms, or by exhaustion, the Balance of Power, or militarist Europe, naturally remains as before, and no solution of the problem (if it is a problem and not a natural law) of war is possible or desirable. If, finally, we fail, then the Balance of Power will revert to the enemy, who, we may be sure, will not shrink from asserting his supremacy more and more to the disadvantage of the group which opposed him, in which case the vaunted Furor Teutonicus would become not merely a symbol but a reality, heralding the revolution of the European system of nationalities and interests on the lines of the Pan-Germanic hegemony of the German professors.

Quite obviously, the Germans are fighting for military or strategic terms and have in no wise abandoned either their philosophy of Force or the belief in its efficacy. And looking at things as they are, and the results of the war as they appear on the map—which is the soldier's way—we must be past all hope blind if we consider that, under a system of Power, war can change any values but the values of force, and that this war will therefore bring about the Utopia of English Radicalism, or any likelihood of substituting the argument of infantry for the Protocol valuations of highly-paid lawyers. Only the obliteration of the Teutonic Peoples can depose the helmet for the wig. Only our complete military victory. Those therefore who today are inclined to study the "psychology of peace" had better first learn the basic principles of war: which primarily and ultimately demand military supremacy to beat the enemy, and military supremacy to hold him down.

Do we realize this? I wonder when Mr. Asquith spoke about "never sheathing the sword" whether he had any idea of the nature of the violence his rhetorical blade had to shatter before the word "never" acquired even a politician's significance. And do we understand what failure must signify to Europe, to us, to the whole future of Anglo-Saxon civilization? Only too few of us, I fear. We have talked of war to end war, of the last war, of the millennium of Peace; yet we do not seem to grasp the essential truth of the war, which is that only superior force can beat down force, and that all conditions short of positive victory must therefore leave the Balance of Power in Europe not only unsettled, as before the war, but morally and potentially with the Balance in Germany's favor, all the greater actually owing to her central strategic position and the fact that her direction is single, and not, as with the

opposing group, divided. It was for this that Germany threw down the gage. She went to war to show the world that the Balance of Power was a misnomer, that militarily there was no balance.

We have called this the war of Liberation, the war of the little Peoples, and here again it is essential that we face the alternative. The danger, as the map of Europe now stands, is that precisely the idea of Nationality tends to grow weaker the more Force or the Balance of Power claims its justification. If the Germans were to win, this would obviously be the case; but even in the event of "terms" or diplomatists' settlement, the little nations would seem doomed to suffer. Thus the German idea is to make Poland the buffer State in the East, and part of Belgium the buffer State in the West; nor, unless the Germans are overthrown and beaten into humility, is it easy to see how the creation of any one controlling group of Power can benefit the small Peoples who, as the war has shown again and again, are necessarily the victims of *force majeure*. We are compelled to apply this principle to Greece; there is the Foreign Office Treaty of Blockade instead of the sailors' Blockade; there is the Swedish question over the Aland Islands; there is the American principle of neutral Liberty, the affirmation of which our so-called Democratic Government have sedulously withheld from the Public knowledge; there is Serbia.

Short then of an absolute Allied victory, the principle of Nationality appears destined to weaken rather than acquire affirmation, and any Peace which left the Germans whole and in possession of strategic boundaries must attenuate Nationality in the interests of military expediency. And this is what the German Chancellor meant in his last utterance on Peace. The Germans, he declared, must acquire the strategic

results of their achievements. This, of course, is the principle we are fighting. It is this Liberation we are struggling for. It is, therefore, this end that those among us who profess Liberal principles should stand for to the last man and farthing, instead, as the tendency among them would seem to be, of thinking rather how to end the war in conditions which, whether they admit it or not, must leave all their aspirations and principles not only unsolved but frustrated.

That is why the Germans are today ready for peace, for the purpose of consolidating their gains. As things actually stand, the program of Pan-Germanism has been realized, the main feature of which was the direct highway from Hamburg to Constantinople, and thence to the east. To Germany, this is the crucial demand, not Belgium, not the Western delimitation of frontier; and it is here that, failing positive victories on our part, the door of Peace may be regarded as open or shut. It will depend solely on violence or military results. And what this Democracy has to realize and decide is what sufficiency of defeat (of the enemy) it will accept as the precondition to Peace negotiations, failing which all idea of altering the militarism of Europe under a system of Power is to be dismissed offhand as mere verbal futility.

It is my opinion that the issue will be decided as the results of the terrific fighting this summer. The Allies have opened the campaign in favorable auspices. On sea we have demonstrated our superior power in the testimony afforded by the refusal of the German Naval Forces to meet our Main Fleet in battle. More than that is not needed. When Admiral Jellicoe arrived, the Germans withdrew—in the face of superior forces, according to military teaching. There were no surprises. The net result of the Naval Fight

may be summed up as entirely satisfactory to us: the "Young" Fleet of Germany realizes that it cannot face ours; it is and it remains an inferior arm, and it is an excellent thing that the world should know it.

On land, the "surprise" has been the success of the Russians who have proved that there is no necessary stagnation in positional warfare, even as the Germans proved it last summer at their expense. But the key of the war is in France. It is on the Western front that this war will be decided, and it is there we shall probably see in the next few months the greatest battles that have taken place yet in the history of man. We stand today at the crisis of the war, before decisions which will decide the principles of Europe in this century. All sides are at their maximum strengths. The results of this summer's fighting must, it would seem, be determinative.

Clearly, the Germans have not changed, and today hope to be able to assert themselves; to prove to Europe that the Central Powers hold the Balance of Power, and that Force is to dictate to Europe. Only our superior Force will give us the power of dictation. Only our positive victories will compel the Germans to see life other than strategically, for the condition of military defeat alone will provide that sufficiency upon which we can conclude Peace on any terms satisfactory to the little Peoples, and so win to any durable conception of Nationality higher than that of Power under the present European system.

The truth then, we have to realize, is that if we fail to correct her estimate of that Balance she will have proved her contention and that in the event of what is called an "inconclusive peace" our failure will not only leave the question of war and armaments and secret diplomacy and national hatred unsolved

but it will be morally, physically, and nationally immeasurably greater, in  
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degree of quality and unity and potential application of power, than hers.  
*Austin Harrison.*

## DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

### CHAPTER I.

#### TOO LATE!

Sir Haversham's teeth were chattering. "Not much more of this 'tis to be hoped, Mr. Fanshawe. I am perishing cold!"

I could not have given the poor man a civil word, so let down the glass and rated the boys. We were traveling at score, four of the best to one chaise, but it seemed crawling

"Braithwaite!—You, there!—Make the pace, this isn't a funeral!" I caught my breath with a sob as the last word escaped me. The boy upon the leader, a native of Winteringham, was known to me; he was acquainted with the road and had no excuse for hanging, though the snow was in his eyes. Flakes sifted in over my shoulder to the discomfort of my passenger.

"Perishing!" he shuddered, burying his nose in his wraps. "The sash, my dear sir, if ye please!"

Yet the doctor must have felt for my anxieties, for he made as though he forgot his private miseries and set himself to distract me with conversation, although, as I should suppose, we had talked over every possible aspect of the case a dozen times during our long, enforced proximity. A post-chaise journey from Town into Cheshire, was no holiday jaunt in December 1805.

"You are of opinion that Miss Ellwood is suffering from jail-fever? What grounds have you for the suspicion? O, she has been visiting the female side of Chester Jail, has she?—Most unsuitable and unnecessary work for a lady, I should say. Prisons, even the best of them, if there be a best, are mere pest-

houses. I profess no fee should tempt me into Bridewell. And your country doctor,—the man in charge,—is . . . ?"

"There are two of them, as I told ye, Sir Haversham, both good, but I wanted the last word in medicine, and have fetched yourself. . . . Ha! here are the gateposts: now we are in the avenue. Those are the Lodge lights. Thank God, the blinds are not drawn; we are in time!"

I believe I swung him out like a child. I am tall, and was strong then, and he elderly and slight, and stiff with long sitting in the cold.

"Just remember, Sir Haversham," said I, offering the support of my arm, "this lady is my affianced wife. She is everything to me. If there is any one thing to be done, or fetched, do not consider distance or expense. . . ."

"Mr. Fanshawe, I quite understand. We will do our best, but bear two things in mind, sir,—This is apparently a case of jail-fever, and I am only Sir Haversham Bayley, not God Almighty."

Royds, our family doctor, met us in the hall, introduced himself in a whisper, and took the great practitioner upstairs at once without a word with me, or a look in my direction. All the household seemed above.

I turned into the dining-room; the table was laid for two. The sight of the loaf reminded me that I could not recall when I had last eaten. I seated myself, cut a slice, filled my mouth, and in a moment must have fallen asleep.

Remember, I had been traveling continuously for three days and two nights in an extremity of anxiety, and for the first time could feel there was nothing more that I could do. They tell



us that men have slept upon the rack: which may be a story, but I can understand that, whatever his previous torments, a man should drop off the instant the winch was eased. That was my case.

I slept. For a few moments I sank through ordinary sleep into the deepest wells of slumber; then, rising almost consciously to the surface, was aware of my dereliction, a sentry dozing on guard, and feebly strove against nature, ashamed of myself, impotent to arouse, weighed down with grief, and utter weariness, and the failure of hope, and of my life's purpose.

You, for whom these memories are writ, will remember that the lady overhead, with whom the doctors were busy, was Miss Phœbe Ellwood, my affianced bride

I had loved her seven years, and we had engaged ourselves to one another less than a month before that night. I was not yet twenty-nine. She was twenty-one, the only sister of Mr. Abel Ellwood, my dearest friend, the man to whom, under God, I owe all that I am, have ever been, or have possessed, even life itself. This gentleman, whom you all know by name, and many of you have met at my board, was steward of my estates at the time.

Miss Phœbe was a woman of the gentlest and most persuasive address, and of a winning beauty. . . . I can write no more in this strain. . . . Young, and in the springtide of her usefulness! The schools she had founded (Abel and she; he says she planned 'em); the nurses she paid and kept going; the dispensary she set on foot (the first of its kind in the land; Abel she laid it to; he will have it the idea was hers); sewing-classes, coal clubs, a Penny Bank! It seemed impossible that one so youthful, so fragile to look at, so retired, so sensitive in manner, should have had the force to begin and to carry through so much.

As if all this were not enough, the child must set her little hand to cleansing prisons, Chester Jail, Lancaster Castle (I have estates in both counties). How she worked, visited, traveled, wrote; memorialized the Lord Derby, the mayor and aldermen of Chester, too, whose New Jail was her death.

Strange that Divine Providence, Whoseservantshe was, should have called her away in youth, and in the midst of labors for mankind, sparing me, a great, useless hulk of a fellow, to my seventy-seventh year. Strange, yet they do say that her death, sweet soul, did for the poor prisoners what all her words and memorials had failed of, for it brought home to the corporation conditions which they had until then resolutely repudiated, but could no longer deny.

Someone has said that God buries His workmen, but carries on His work. But for this belief where should we be when admirals such as Lord Nelson, leaders such as Fox, captains such as Whitbread and Romilly fall? Names to you, my dears, but great men in their day, and in mine. God rest their souls!

I slept, but knew that I slept. Then, suddenly, but in the most natural way in the world, she was with me in the room, all brightly soft and eager, her usual mien, beaming upon me, and with something for my ear. But, upon the point of speech, she paused, took breath, with a trouble in her eye, seemed to hear herself addressed by one whom she must obey; hesitated, moved toward the door, turned to me again, saying, "It was not to be. . . . Did not I tell thee so? Follow thy leadings. Be brave: be faithful; thou shalt be used. I shall be with thee, dear heart! . . . Farewell!"

In an instant I was upon my feet, "Stay with me, O, stay!" I cried. My voice sounded hollowly in that empty room. She was gone: and, as I stood amazed, between sleep and awake, there was the movement of feet and the



thrusting back of a chair overhead: then silence.

I knew. It had come. This glorious, inexpressible possession which had really seemed mine, or almost mine, for a fortnight, and for the last seven days had silently dimmed and receded, was gone out of my life. The wonder, the variousness of it, the exquisite loveliness! And that it should have been for me of all the race of man, *for me*; like Peter's sheet let down from heaven, and now withdrawn thither again!

"It was not to be," so much was evident, so much I could see had been written from the first. I was not worthy. And this was the man who was to "*be brave and faithful*," and to "*be used*"; I was bid to "*follow my leadings*" and she would "*be with me*."

"That sounds as though it will not be a long innings," said I. (It has lasted eight-and-forty years, and I still read without glasses, and ride the Hannibal Colt upon a plain snaffle.) I remember looking about me and finding the familiar room strange and unked. Forlornly life stretched ahead, gray and lonely. There was something in my hand, a piece of bread. How had it come there? And, while I looked upon it, my knees must have given, for I sat down heavily and fell forward, my forehead striking the table. Had I fainted?—I asked myself the question in helpless wonder, and slept again.

"George! Wake up! Thou must take something." It was Abel Ellwood, her brother, my friend.

The good fellow had regained composure, if he had ever lost it, for though his sister was everything to him, more, as I can now see, than even to me, her lover, he accepted the stroke as the will of his God, dealt in love, and rode his grief upon the curb, scarce permitting himself the relief of a tear.

He stood over me, his small brown hand upon my arm. It seemed I had

slumbered for hours. 'Twas daylight, the glare of the snow came in through the lowered blinds and filled the room as with a ghastly frozen sunshine. Sir Haversham had been paid his fee and lodged at the Rectory. He would be setting upon his return journey presently; there was no need for me to see him again.

But I must eat. Abel was tenderly imperative. Yes, every arrangement had been made: there was nothing for me to take thought for; but, food I must take; the man would put up with no denial; all his concern was for me.

Presently, as I sat at my beer and rasher, came in to me his father, Thomas Ellwood of the Edge, my tenant and dear friend, with Mary Ellwood, his wife, that wonderful and saintly woman. Both had lain at The Lodge for a week past nursing their child, who had been housekeeper to her brother. "'Twill kill them," I had been telling myself between my mouthfuls, "the old lady for a certainty. What shall I say to comfort them?"

But they had come to comfort me! I arose, they took my hands, their worn faces were as kind as ever. "Thomas," said the lady, and closed the door of the room softly. Her husband knelt and thanked his Maker for the one-and-twenty years of the beautiful young life *lent to them*, and now reclaimed. Were ever such people?

But, it came to me that they were Friends, Quakers, holy livers and elderly. "'Tis all very well for you," said I, "but, how am I to see this out?" and in a moment was blubbing with my face among the bread-crumbs. That kindly gentleman, my Phœbe's father, who had long been mine in spirit, and had looked to become so in law, touched my hand. That sweet saint, her mother, laid soft thin fingers upon my bent head. Neither spoke.

## CHAPTER II.

## BUT STILL IN TOUCH.

"What a concourse!" I said. "Some of those had come thirty miles. With the roads so deep they will hardly get home tonight. Where will they lie?"

Abel shook his head, offering no suggestion. We were just back from the funeral, an extraordinary and moving spectacle.

The ceremony itself, after the manner of the Friends, had been more bare of trappings than you can imagine. The plain coffin, without plate or handles, had journeyed to the distant graveyard of the Quakers in one of the Home Farm wagons. We, of the household, had followed in our own conveyances, in our ordinary dress, wearing no crapes nor weepers; for outward signs of mourning are deprecated by the Quakers. The ritual had been of the simplest: just a circle of heads bent in silent prayer around an open grave; two brief "testimonies" from ministers of the Society, and the thing was done.

We, the little band of chief mourners, had turned from the hole in the trampled snow to find ourselves the center of a vast far-reaching crowd of bared and bonneted heads. Women as well as men of all degrees had been there, gentry standing uncovered beside the doors of their carriages, the clergy of forty parishes, doctors, lawyers, tradesmen, farmers, laboring men innumerable, yes, and gypsies, and scarce a dry eye among 'em all.

Walking as a man goes upon his way to the gibbet, but upheld by the stern courage, or rather sublime faith of the Ellwoods, father, mother and brother, I had paced to our carriage mute and outwardly unmoved amid the weeping of hundreds.

Now came reaction. We were back again in the house which her life had filled for so long with delightful movement, her brief last sickness had tor-

tured, and her death stunned; and there, in the very room where we had been used to sit with her, and whose every familiar household object cried for her, we had plumped down into chairs, Abel and I, with empty hands, and nothing to do, the afternoon darkening, naught within-doors nor without calling for us.

Take it how you will, death is a grim fact. This was my second stroke (the loss of my lord, my father, had hardly affected me), but, what a difference! When I had stood before my mother's tomb in anguish, half the poignancy of the grief had lain in the thought that my own pride, my absence, might have embittered her last days, and had certainly robbed me forever of the opportunity of reconciliation. Then I had raged at fate and furiously accused myself. This was different: all had been done that could be done by human care and skill. By no misapplied ingenuity could I torment myself with accusations. It was by no fault or defect of mine. God had spoken. Did I rebel, as before? No, for she had taught me better, and now I knew more.

But, as I said just now, take it how ye will, death is a tremendous fact. For the second time in my life I wished myself dead: but not this time to be dumb, blind and out of it, but to be with her. Yet, whilst wishing, I knew that this was not my day, and that the wish was selfishness.

Her parents were upstairs; I could guess that the spirit which had upborne the mother, an elderly woman of feeble frame, had given out at last.

It came over me that, but for me, Abel's place would have been with her, and that his solitudes during the past few days, and his presence beside me then, were upon my account. The fellow was for trying in his usual shy, sensitive way to offer consolation. I revolted.

"Look here, man, you mustn't, you shall not. . . . It is yourself that is hardest hit. Your parents are well on

in life. . . . They will be with her before very long. . . . The luckier they!"

I was thinking aloud, but between this man and me were few hid thoughts; he understood—"As for myself, I have the world before me."

Which meant just nothing. Never did a fellow's future look blacker than did mine. For four days I had kept an eye upon myself, regarding my insensibility with wonder, as a man does whose leg has been carried away by a round-shot. The stump stares him in the face: when will the pain begin? The sooner the better, for life cannot go ahead until it be on and over, if ever it shall be over. You see I talked like an oaf, but I had to say something, and blundered on, "It is you I am thinking for, Abel. What will ye do without her, man?"

"*D-don't!*" he groaned, and after a struggle broke down. For a while there were two heads upon the table. He recovered first. "Grieving too heavily we shall grieve *her*, George," said he, and awaited the ebbing of the tide of passionate grief which shook me.

"Abel," said I at length, "are ye not glad It is gone? . . . 'Twas awful to me to sit, and feed, and sleep in the same house with It. For the first few hours It was She, then It was less and less She, and for three days I have not felt It was She at all. Have ye?"

His lips and eyes agreed with me. I went on, "And when we let It down, and the snow and gravel fell . . . I knew we were burying It . . . *not Her*. I could not have come away leaving Her out in the snow!"

I bent my head and wept again, but within bounds, "'She is not here, she is risen!'"

But he, controlling himself to a marvel, spoke slowly, and with the tensivity of conviction, "Nay, George; I, for my part, think, yes, feel, yes, *know*, that Phoebe is here, yes, in the house, watching, overseeing, understanding, loving,

helping; and in this knowledge I hope to be permitted to live out my life and to carry through her plans. . . . Those rare powers! Dost think they are dissipated? and all that affection, and clearness, and experience wasted? I do not. 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister?' Thou knows the passage."

Again we wept, but now as children weep who have been comforted.

"No, George, thou wouldst be of little use to me here."

I had offered in all good faith to stay, and to take up my position as squire, knowing in my heart that it was not my right place. What if I owned Wintering-hame, and half a dozen lesser properties in other countries? with one of the longest rent-rolls of any commoner in the kingdom?—I was a Radical, or held to be one, although I had never voted at an election, nor made a speech, nor writ anything political. Certainly I was no Tory, and that fact, and the adhering taint of an early and unfortunate military connection, had barred me from all public honors and employments. I had never been picked for sheriff, nor put upon the Commission of the Peace, nor summoned upon the Grand Jury, nor invited to the platform of one of those County Meetings then so commonly held to consider the state of the landed interest.

My repeated offers to raise a troop of yeomanry among my tenants had been curtly declined at a time when England was daily awaiting invasion.

This, you will say, was carrying the slight to extremes, for be my sins what they may have been, my country wanted every man, not saints only, nor Tories. I had long suspected some adverse influence at work, but only within the last month had learned the secret of my exclusion. 'Twas a personal grudge, with which the Administration had nothing to do, and my desire for military employment, the only thing for which my

big body and thick head fitted me, had been blocked for five years by a private enemy in high office, a placeman of whom I had never heard, nor knew the name of, nor was conscious of having offended.

Hence you will understand that my offer to remain and give countenance to my friend in his management of my properties was a formality. My stupidity would have hampered him, and my presence renewed the edge of an opposition which of late had been blunted by the manifest success of his measures, and was helpless in face of his silent, inoffensive efficiency.

I felt this, though at the time I could not have put it into the words I have used here. So, when he turned up to me a sad, composed face, and asked if I had no drawings for service elsewhere, I assented, and was about to have opened my mind to him as to fresh schemes for getting my claims reconsidered, when he took from his pocket a folded paper and laid it in my hand.

"It was the last thing that . . . she wrote. A little before thy return with Sir Haversham. She was conscious, George, but retaining her faculties with increasing difficulty. Thou wast much upon her spirit. I held her up to write . . . and was bid to give it to thee after the . . . O, yes, she felt the end near. She knew."

The poor little scrawl so feebly inscribed, and so exquisitely dear, was unsealed. I shook like a leaf as I opened and spread it between us, nor was my emotion lessened when I read:

*"It was not to be. Did not I tell thee so? Follow thy leadings. Be brave; be faithful! Thou shalt be used. I will be with thee, dear heart. Farewell!"*

For over a minute I pored upon the writing, then taking from my pocket-book the half-sheet upon which I had penciled the words heard by me in my dream, I laid the papers side by side and compared them. Abel watched me. I passed the precious things across to

him: he read, and our eyes met in solemn wonder.

"'Tis a case of both barrels, Abel. I am hit right and left."

"And that leading, is it still the same? Thou feels thy duty plainly indicated?"

I nodded. No need for words, he knew my inmost mind, and respected in me what would not have been right for himself.

"But I understood thee to say that path was definitely closed."

"That is so," I rejoined, "and upon . . . our engagement I returned that Swedish commission to good old Gunn who got it for me."

I was still speaking when there came a light tap upon the door, and a maid-servant with eyes red with weeping, entered to lay the cloth for supper, "And, O Squire, have ye gotten the packet the post left for ye whiles ye were at the . . . burying?"

I had not. She brought it. I broke the seals and found the very document we had upon our tongues, a commission made out in my name to a captaincy in the Stralsund Regiment of Hussars in the service of the King of Sweden, mailed to me originally from Stockholm, and which, as I had just told Abel, I had returned three weeks before to my friend General Æneas Gunn. I had writ the good soul a covering letter, thanking him for his intervention upon my behalf, but apprising him that the British Minister at the court of King Gustavus, through whose supposed complaisance the commission had been granted, had gone back upon his word, and notified his own government of what had been done; and how I had been forbid to sail, and had passed my word to take no farther steps in the matter.

Here was my cover and its enclosure back upon my hands, returned to me with an intimation from the War Office—to which it must have been sent by the Postmaster-General—that no communications of mine with officers of

foreign services could be permitted by the British Government, nor carried by His Majesty's Mails.

Plainly that malign influence of which I have spoken was still vigilant and strong.

I took the Swedish commission from its wrapper and weighed it thoughtfully in hand. "I had thought that door closed," said I. "It is not open, indeed, but ajar. This comes uncommon pat upon the heels of . . . the other. One almost feels. . . D'ye see, man?"

"It is no concern of mine, George, as thou knows, but, if thou accepts this as a leading, follow it up."

This was Abel at his best. The word "concern" which he had used has a special significance in the mouth of one of his sect, implying a Divine intimation, or the sense of engagement which lies upon a man who is conscious of a duty still unperformed. Hence, far from washing his hands of me with a conventional phrase, he, whilst admitting that the service I was charged with was none of his, pushed me towards its fulfilment.

Life to such men as Abel is a tremendous matter, a burden hardly to be borne but that Another has His hand beneath it and is sharing the load. To many of us, even to myself, at some time during the long day's work, comes a sudden awareness of a Presence, a Power, intimately acquainted with our words and ways. But, to most, and this has been my own experience, the consciousness departs as swiftly as it arrives. Under stress of extreme emotion, bewilderment or danger, the common man exclaims upon his God for help, counsel or solace, and, it may be the Hand is momentarily visible; he is helped, comforted, or shown his way. Then, poor fellow, the good hour goes.

But, with Abel, and with Abel's parents, the deity of their worship was an abiding presence, too near to need the raised voices of appeal, and too ab-

solutely trusted to leave them desperately cast down by any accident of life.

One might say that whilst long and reasoned experience of themselves, and of their native powers of judgment and discernment, had convinced them of their fallibility, so, extended knowledge of their Guide and Friend had given them certitude of His wisdom and good-will.

They preferred to walk blindfold with him rather than trust to their own vision.

Here, with a yawning breach driven through their family circle, they meekly bowed in unquestioning faith in what to others would have appeared a blunder, an arbitrariness of the Unseen, shattering to confidence, and destructive to the shy, timid, awful affection which is what the most of us offer to our Maker.

"Listen, George," and I listened, aware from his tone and pose, that my friend was about to "give me a verse," as he would have called it, a stave from a memory stored with good things got by rote, and put away orderly against appropriate occasions. The Friends are given to this exercise, and between the lights I have listened to a company of them capping godly verses for half an hour together.

Abel recited as follows:

"I made no quest to enter on this strife,  
This love, this fear, this madness men  
call life;

But, being here, I must my duty do  
And quit myself in all things brave and  
true:

For, through the midnight gloom a Face  
I see,

I hear a mighty Voice that calls to me.  
The cross, the crown, the sceptre or the  
rod,

What matters which, so that it leads to  
God?"

"Mr. Cowper?" I asked.

"Nay, it is by one of our own people,  
Douglas Price, by name. Come, let  
us see to the bedding-down of the nags  
before we sup."

*(To be continued.)*



## THE FRENCHMAN AS A SOLDIER.

"Poilu" is the nickname, or, at least, the colloquial name, by which the French soldier is called, just as we say "Tommy Atkins" of the British soldier. It is derived from the French word *poil* ("hair"), and means "the hairy one." The allusion is to the fondness of the French soldier for a beard—anyhow, while on active service—and to the rude picturesqueness which he encourages in a general way. It is a purely modern name, and it does no more justice to the French fighting man than "Thomas Atkins" does to his British comrade.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," says Shakespeare; and the French soldier is a king of warriors, call him what you like. His warlike qualities have sung themselves down the ages, and today he confronts the Germans with all his old *élan*, saying of his dear *Patrie*, and of himself in relation to her:

Through fire, air, and water  
Thy trial must be;  
But they that love life best  
Die gladly for thee.

You only begin to know what a fine fellow the French soldier is when you see something of him on active service, and have put away certain preconceived ideas that you probably had about him. One of these is that he is a gay, careless, laughing man, who loves to sit on a fence, smiling at the sun and flirting with the girls who may pass by, but always ready with his gun for the enemy. There is a fine mixture of love and war in that picture of the French soldier, and many writers have endeared it to us; but it has hardly anything to do with him in this great time of Armageddon.

We all know the stage Irishman, as Charles Lever and others have created him for us in entirely readable stories;

the rollicking man who ever gets the best of life in the easiest possible manner, and does not care for anything else at all. There is no such Irishman; there never was such an Irishman; and in the same way the stage French soldier, as we may call him, probably never existed, and certainly has no relationship to the *poilu* whom you see just now all over France. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, the three musketeers of Dumas's famous romance, were fine lads; but if they were today in the French army commanded by General Joffre, he would not know very well what to do with them, and they would be tremendously out of their element.

Naturally the French temperament is sunny and bright, ready for a jest where there is any temptation to it; but there are not many temptations of that sort in this war, which is a hard, serious, grim business—conditions that have affected men in the field. Happily they are still open to a joke, especially when it can be exercised upon the enemy. Somewhere he had hung a string of small bells along the front of his trenches, so that if the French made an attack the tinkle, tinkle would give warning. A young French officer noticed the trick, and when night came he and a few of his men crawled out and attached strings to those bells. Then they crawled back to their own trenches and began pulling them. They went tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and the Germans, called out by what they thought an onslaught, fired off their ammunition for hours on end, indeed, until dawn revealed the joke that had been played upon them.

It greatly amused the Frenchmen who were responsible for it; but their Gallic sense of laughter would hardly have responded to another anecdote,



of the British this time, behind the Allied lines where some Boches had just been brought in as prisoners. They made themselves as agreeable as possible, the story goes, and so were allowed to take part in a "sing-song" held in the evening. The musical talent had got rather low, when it occurred to the typical British sergeant in charge of the program that some amusement might be got out of the prisoners. Accordingly he rose up and said, "Our friends Fritz an' 'Ans will now oblige with th' 'Ymn of 'Ate!"

It is a good story of good British origin, but it would be like Greek to a French soldier. He simply would not understand it. He is, as Mr. Thomas Atkins would say, "not built that way"; although the serious, logical, satirically grim side of him would quite grasp another, not more true, story about two Sikhs of our Indian army. It relates with nice picturesqueness that they had been bothered by a German sniper, and determined to go after him. Next morning they returned with the report, "Sahib, we found the man with the rifle; here is the rifle!"

You have only to study the French soldier, in his plain uniform of blue or gray, to understand that he is not the laughing, merry soldier of so much tradition. Clothes and the man! There is a good deal between the two, an intimate, revealing psychology, just as there is a relationship between arms and the man. The *poilu* is capped by a steel casque, invented since the war began to protect his head from stray rifle-bullets and wandering fragments of shell. It does all that, but it also gives him a curiously Puritanic look. He strikes you as an old Crusader adapted to modern requirements. His helmet, saving its dull color, makes you fancy him charging an army of Saracens in the name of Christianity. His uniform, so colored as to make as little show as possible against the country-

side, tells you that he is really fighting modern Huns equipped with all the resources of modern science. You know in fact, that "Monsieur Poilu" is a little unmilitary, lacking in the exactness of step, the precision of deportment, the correctness of physical attitude which you associate with the highly drilled soldier. It is so, and for that very reason the French soldier has his own personality and qualities, and they make him the great fighting man he is.

Every Frenchman has a sense of the artistic, and he likes to blend his own being into it. He hates to be merely like everybody else, knowing that is to go unobserved, to have no dramatic existence at all, which would be a poor manner of living. When he becomes a soldier he is very limited in the fashions of his raiment, but he manages, with a woman's eye for the picturesque, to achieve it through an easy air of indifference. When one speaks thus of "Monsieur Poilu" in this association one means not the professional French soldier, who is neat and natty all the time, but the other soldier called up by the thousand and the million, he who almost loves to look unmilitary. He lets his hair and beard grow to fantastic lengths, proudly wears his mud-stained, ragged clothes and is not worried a bit if he looks "a fearful object." He wants you to know that he has been through the wars; but he also wants you, whether he be in a line regiment, in the Chasseurs, in the famous Alpains, or is even a Zouave, to know that he takes war against the Germans as he would take daily life in Paris, with every just seriousness, but without alarm or any putting of himself to unusual trouble.

When the war began, the gray uniforms of the old regiments of France, and the little red *képi* of the infantry and their baggy red breeches, were all about the pleasant summer roads. Now the blue sky looks down upon a

blue overcoat which hides most of the uniform. It has, itself, become a mixture of blue-gray colors, and so the picture made by the French soldier is far less gay than the picture Napoleon's men made in their historic time. But there has come into the face of the present French soldier something of the physiognomy which prints convey to us of Napoleon's veterans—the heavy dark mustache uncut because there has been something else to do, the beard which has gone unshorn for the same reason, the lanky black hair, the beaming black eye, and the fine sense of physical fitness in every movement of the body.

What most strikes you about the French soldier, perhaps, is his simplicity, which would be plainness in anybody not of Gallic temperament. We know that in art simplicity is about the most difficult thing to arrive at, and that it is the key to all that is greatest in the arts, whether painting, writing, or the putting on of beautiful clothes by a beautiful woman. Somehow the French soldier, with his uniform all tattered and torn, still remains a master of that artistic simplicity, possibly because it is the characteristic of his nation, simplicity and naturalness. You will see a wounded soldier limping along the boulevards in Paris, not with a special shoe on his foot such as its wound might demand, but with just an old boot of which the upper has been cut away where it would press on the sore. That is the simple practicalness of the French soldier; and, as his officer also follows it, you can imagine how amused a French general was when an English officer who had come to him with dispatches took out a khaki handkerchief. "Ah, good!" said the French general; "the Germans will not see when you blow your nose." The remark was not meant to be satirical; but the fact is that French generals and colonels and sergeants and full privates all think that we somewhat coddle our soldiers—

anyhow, as compared with the treatment, always good, but always simple, which *la Patrie* gives to "Monsieur Poilu."

Here is a little story which has never been published before, the point of which throws light on the mental character of the French soldier. A Parisian workman, who was a corporal of Chasseurs, had made a German prisoner, and was taking him behind the French lines. The German, who spoke a little French, opened the conversation by saying, "Germany was great like this"—lifting his hand above his head; "now she is low like this"—swinging his hand down towards the earth. "Ah," said his guardian with an inimitable accent and mien, "don't bother, old man; you will be more astonished before it is all over, for you will be lower even than the earth." The jest there was a grim allusion to the grave; but it was merely uttered to sting the German prisoner. He was perfectly sure of kind treatment in some internment camp; only the Frenchman could not resist the temptation to let him have a word from the heart, a word to illustrate how bitterly the French feel about the "methods of barbarism" on which the Germans conduct the war. Perhaps it was the same Frenchman who was met, another time, sitting atop one of the famous French 75's, which he patted kindly, with a wink to the passers-by, as much as to say, "Ah, in the name of God, we have something here which will make the Boches sit up."

The state of soul of the French soldier at the front is a great and beautiful thing. He has forged for himself the soul of the fighting man, and it will carry him on as long as the war lasts, until victory comes. He has forgotten the whole of his life except the high mission to which he has now been called—that is, to repel the invasion of his country by a war-lusting enemy, and to make such another invasion and such

another outrage against civilization impossible for all time. Fear? Yes, he knows how terrible and bloody the ordeal may be, but he does not fear. He remembers the proud traditions of the Latin race, and he fights on, thinking of nothing but winning. Something humorous interrupts, as when a Belgian farmer appears on the front of a brigade, and charges it with having stolen one of his pigs, or at least scared it away from its sty. The brigade is vastly amused, and probably, in its heart, regrets that it has no knowledge of that pig, living or eaten. The smile is momentary. Like the visit of the Belgian farmer, it passes, driven away, perhaps, by a new tune from the great guns on either side of the trenches.

Simple in mind, as in raiment, is the French soldier, certainly if he be a countryman, as witness an anecdote of one who had been wounded in the leg, and cried defiantly to the enemy, "Too low!" Within a few minutes he was slightly wounded in the hand, which he had exposed over the top of the trench. "Too high!" he cried this time. Then he was struck by a third bullet, which traversed his shoulder. Obligated to abandon the fight, because he was losing much blood, he threw himself on the ground and cried angrily at the enemy, "You lot of fools, why waste all your shot on me?"

That is not at all a striking story, but it is a revealing story in the sense that it shows us the working of natural feeling in a man—what he does instinctively, without thought, when he is in the firing-line. He is indifferent to everything but the call of the moment, and in that individual case we have an example of the completeness with which every fighting Frenchman is devoted to the task of destroying Prussian militarism. The task lies on the nation as a whole, but it is every man's task individually.

You must always remember, in speaking of the French soldier, that he is a citizen soldier, a civilian as well as a warrior. He has been a civilian most of his life, and he will be a civilian again after the war. He is probably a married man; he may even have a family; and that adds to the responsibility with which he takes his part in Armageddon. His people at home are very dear to him, very near to him, and they link him all the time with the great mother of all Frenchmen, *la Patrie*. When war broke out some English people were staying at a little French fishing-village opposite the Channel Islands "You will all go and fight?" said an Englishman to a party of French fishermen who were discussing the war. "Ah, certainly," said they. "What else? If anybody attacked your mother you would go and defend her, wouldn't you? The mother of all Frenchmen, it is *la Patrie*."

The other mother of Frenchmen, the human mother who gave them birth, comes out in a letter found on a hard-fought battlefield. It was from the mother of a young soldier, and it said to him, "Think at this moment, before your own mother, of the other mother, *la Patrie*. Do your duty as a soldier; and if Providence protects you, you will return to do your duty as a son." Across that letter its recipient had written in pencil, "It is by order of mamma, and it is for the country." Very touching—was it not?—especially as that young soldier did his duty nobly, and will never return to his mother. He was found seriously wounded, and he died within a few days, glad to be a sacrifice in a great cause. If he had been less seriously wounded, he would probably, like two comrades of whom one hears, have been willing to joke with a high official on the reticence of the official war *communiqué* which is issued in Paris.

"How are you?" asked the high official of the wounded men. "We

are making slight progress," answered one, and M. le Ministre understood and laughed. "How are you?" he said, turning to the second. The reply was, "Situation unchanged; nothing new to report." "I am afraid, gentlemen," said the Minister, "you have the best of the joke; but I am glad to see you joke so effectively, and I hope you will both soon be very well."

The epistles which "Monsieur Poilu" writes from the field of battle differ a good deal from those written by our excellent Mr. Thomas Atkins. The latter either writes a plain, straightforward letter of how events happen, or he has something humorous to say, something invented perhaps by himself. The *poilu*, on the other hand, possibly a highly educated civilian before the war, dips a good deal into psychology, tells you of his feelings under fire, describes for you the appearance of a battle. "Zip, and there is a leaf cut off close to you." You can see that happen, so clear is the description given in one short sentence. "We have got them! Good! Now, then, you take the big fellow on the horse." That is another French vignette of what war means; ay, and it conveys its meaning to the mind.

It is all short, crisp, and logical, the pattern on which the French mind works, even when it turns satirical, as in an invitation by a French professor become soldier, and busy on the Yser. "I have," he wrote, "the honor and the pleasure of inviting all of you to my shooting estate across the Belgian frontier. There is big game there, and it takes some killing, believe me." He added that if the sport proved more strenuous than was expected, he could provide other attractions, such as an aeroplane manoeuvre, or an orchestral concert in which Joffre's Sonata No. 75 would be the strong piece.

When night, with its kindly darkness falls on a battlefield, the French am-

balance men go out to collect the wounded, and one of them gives us a significant account of what that means. "With acetylene lamps to light us, we cross the battlefield in all directions and pick up the wounded. As to the dead, alas, how numerous they are! We find them petrified in their last attitude, their last *élan*; and hear the crying and moaning of the wounded scattered in the cornfields and among the damp meadows. I know of nothing more poignant than that." It is very tearful reading, but beautiful reading.

The French soldier, when he is parting from his family, is sad but heroic, and he shows both feelings unrestrainedly. Will he come back again? Will he not? Who is going to answer that? Only time. There may be a gloriously happy return when the war is over, or long before then there may come a letter like this, for ever the French soldier has "one eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven." "Sweetheart, fate in this present war has treated us more cruelly than many others; for I am dying and am sending you this dying message. Forget me if you can; create for yourself some happy home which may restore to you some of the little pleasures of life. For myself, I shall have died happy in the thought of your love. My last thought has been for you, for those I leave at home. Accept this kiss from him who loved you."

That letter was to a sweetheart; and there is another, found on the battlefield of the Marne, which also ought to be enshrined in the national archives of France. "Adieu, my wife and darling children," it reads; "adieu, all my family, whom I have loved so much. Calling up my last energies, I am writing this stretched out with my two legs broken, under a hail of lead. My last thoughts are for my children; for thee, my dear wife, the companion of my life, my beloved wife. *Vue la France!*"

You have a nation in arms called to a holy mission by the inscrutable ways of Providence, and these dispatches from dying men are evidence of how the call has been answered. "If I am spared," is a phrase often to be found in the letters of French soldiers, as also of British soldiers. Men pour their hearts out, but there is no posing, and no heroics. "The French nation will march to the front like a single man," said a well-known woman novelist in Paris the morning it became clear that Germany meant war. She was thinking of the many things that had divided men in France, chiefly religion and politics; but she was thinking also of the fact that all the children of France loved her devotedly, and would rally to her standard. She was right, more than right, as the war, in its slow but inevitable progress to victory, has shown.

Never have the spirit of the French soldier and the majesty of the French Chambers's Journal.

nation shone more brilliantly, a calm, serene thing like a star in the sky of the world. The traditional and heroic soul of France has come back to her again; nay, that soul was never lost. It has flamed down the centuries; it has always been a torch in the progress of civilization and the well-being of man. Today it flames on, fed by the inspiration of a thousand years, to deeds as great, as self-sacrificing, as purifying for the world, as the French people, turned soldiers to a man, have ever in their glorious history achieved.

"Rise up, ye dead men!" cried Sergeant Pericard, when all his companions had been killed, and only their spirits remained to help him to hold a trench against the Germans. But he held it, and his cry will ring down the ages as so much heroic music of the superb spirituality which France has shown in this "crack of doom" which we call Armageddon.

*James Milne.*

## THE ULTIMATE BELIEF.

Amongst all that has been written about the moral aspects of the conflict between the Allied Nations and Germany, it is recognized that Mr. Clutton-Brock's articles, published now in two little books, have been marked by an individual delicacy of perception and fineness of feeling, as well as by a style which has the most essential merit of style, transparency to a living soul. When, therefore, Mr. Clutton-Brock publishes another little book,\* to tell us what is for him the ultimate belief, not in relation to some particular matter like the German War, but for man's attitude towards the universe in general, one cannot fail to take it up with expectant interest. And, indeed, in this book, too, Mr. Clutton-Brock says many true things, and says them beautifully. And yet one reader

\*"The Ultimate Belief." By A. Clutton-Brock. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)

must confess to have experienced something of the same disappointment which Socrates did when he went to the poets to inquire of them the principles of their wisdom. One feels sure that Mr. Clutton-Brock's real philosophy is much richer than what he gives us of it here.

In one way, of course, Mr. Clutton-Brock's new book has a particular reference. It is specially meant for teachers and concerned with remedying the defective way in which the three great spiritual values—the Good, the True, and the Beautiful—are presented to boys, according to what Mr. Clutton-Brock describes as the prevalent system. The great lacuna in modern English education, he says, is the lack of a true and coherent philosophy. And all he says about the need of an articulate view of life, and the unhappy results in education



which follow from its absence, could not, one thinks, but command the hearty assent of anyone who considers seriously of life at all. Even allowing more than Mr. Clutton-Brock does for the potency of an implicit philosophy in the background of consciousness, especially in the case of Englishmen, who have a difficulty in putting what lies deepest in them into words, it cannot be denied that there is a tendency to intellectual inertia in the English character, which is by no means something to be proud of. And that Mr. Clutton-Brock's impeachment is based upon actual experience and observation of the evil resulting from this defect one cannot doubt.

But one may be allowed to doubt whether the type of teacher whom Mr. Clutton-Brock envisages all through is as general as his wholesale condemnation would seem to presuppose. His own experience in boyhood may perhaps have been unfortunate. If the writer of this review casts back his mind over the number of different persons who had in one way or other to do with his education, they seem to offer the same variety as any other equal number of persons taken at random from the world at large might show. Philistines there were amongst them, but there were others who had an articulate philosophy, more or less adequate, or a zeal, more or less guided by knowledge, for the beautiful or a quite genuine interest in poetry. It would not be true to say that Mr. Clutton-Brock is demolishing men of straw, though one fears his book may sometimes give that impression to people whose youthful experience has been diverse from his own.

To remedy the harm done by a lack of philosophy Mr. Clutton-Brock offers a scheme as the ultimate belief, which if teachers hold and boys are taught, the evils he now deprecates will, we are to understand, be diminished. This scheme is, in short, that the spirit has three disinterested desires—the desire for moral

good, the desire for truth, and the desire for beauty (the æsthetic activity). These are the only three disinterested desires; all other desires, as directed to self-gratification, are desires of the flesh. If boys are taught that they should do right for right's sake, without looking for any reward, because that satisfied the desire which their spirit has for moral good, they will be more likely to obey the commands given them. If teachers recognize that the spirit desires not only moral good but also truth and beauty for their own sakes, and encourage in their pupils intellectual honesty and the æsthetic activity, they will not provoke revolt by depreciating and crushing, as Mr. Clutton-Brock says they do now, these wholly normal elements in human nature.

One may agree most earnestly with Mr. Clutton-Brock in believing that the spirit does have these three disinterested desires. Yet a philosophy which stops here gives little more than a form without content. A boy will not be helped far in the way of goodness by being told that he ought to do right for right's sake, unless the idea of goodness has some positive content for him which makes it attractive—attractive to the spirit. What positive content should fill the form which constitutes Mr. Clutton-Brock's "ultimate belief" is a question which must be very variously answered according to each man's own standpoint and theory of the universe. No one can pretend in the present state of the world that any answer he gives is one which is universally accepted, as certain truths of material nature are universally accepted. One may perhaps be allowed to point out in what sort of a way the form might be filled up by a view of the universe which is frankly Christian in its suppositions and origin.

And, first, one may notice that the division of human desires with which Mr. Clutton-Brock's "Philosophy of the Spirit" starts, seems to leave out some-

thing of capital importance. Human desires, we are told, are either desires of the flesh or desires of the spirit. Now there is something in human nature to which Mr. Clutton-Brock once casually refers, on page 67, as "the social instinct." Perhaps if he would fix his thought upon this and all it means he would see reason to amend his basic division. The desire constituted by "the social instinct" does not seem to be one of the three "desires of the spirit," as Mr. Clutton-Brock describes them. But can one reckon it simply among "the desires of the flesh"? And, if not, what place are we to find for it and what is it doing here in the soul?

For the Christian view of the universe the ultimate consummation is a union of all perfected individuals in God. The idea that the supreme good is reached in a communion of the single individual with God, *solus cum solo*, is a pagan, not a Christian, idea, which has only obtained lodgment in certain forms of Christian mysticism owing to influences from the non-Christian world. Even so, Christianity had to stop short at a duality, and could not quite take the final step, taken by the *advaita* forms of Indian philosophy, of merging the two *solis* into a single One without distinctions, because, after all, Christianity could not give up the belief that God is love, which, if it means anything, means that the Ultimate Reality is social. In love, as we know it even here, two individuals strive always to closer unity, to more perfect identification, and yet, if the distinction of persons disappeared, the love would disappear too. Love requires both the unity and the duality, existing together, held together in one burning focus. The difference between the Christian view of Heaven and the Hindu view of Heaven, Mr. Chesterton has somewhere wittily said, is that according to the Christian view we shall all love one another, whilst according to the Hindu view we shall all be one an-

other. The ideal is the perfected society, each individual member of which retains his unique individuality, and in which each nevertheless embraces all the rest with a penetrative love and knowledge whereby the many are made one, without ceasing to be many, all being embraced and interpenetrated and unified by the One Infinite Spirit. If love is the supreme thing in the universe, the most perfect realization of love which there could possibly be—the union of all individuals in God—is the supreme good.

And then we may follow Dante, telling how the soul, coming into this world with the notion of good it brings from the joy of its Creator, runs after every savor of good in the "little goods" it meets with here, and goes astray unless its love is kept for the time being under the guidance and curb of the moral law. The "exigencies" of the human spirit make it reach out in the direction of the Supreme Society, which could never exist under the limitations of earthly time and space. In every social conjoining of individuals—parent and child, brother and sister, man and wife, friend and friend, families, nations, guilds, societies, fellowships of common interests—the human spirit finds frames within which individuals are brought together and some partial and fragmentary anticipation of the supreme good exhibited or attempted; most of all, of course, in the Church, which, according to the Christian view, actually is the Supreme Society in germ, and would seem more to be such if it came nearer in practice to what it is in ideal.

Mr. Clutton-Brock thinks that boys whom moral precepts under the present system fail to hold would obey them if the principle of the Kantian Imperative were explained to them—that there is something in us which bids us do right, for right's sake, without any regard to reward. From the Christian point of view the moral law is what the old Israelite law is said to have been—the slave

who brings immature humanity to Christ. We may put this in another way by saying that if the social instinct which at present seeks disordinate and casual gratification were perfectly co-ordinated and directed, the moral law would be fulfilled as a matter of course—without our knowing it, so to say. All the law and the prophets, said Christ, were implicit in love to God and love to our neighbor, and what is this but the social instinct in its perfection? The same thing, again, is what is meant by Augustine's "Love, and do as you please!" The things which the moral law condemns are wrong, because they thwart the right expansion and co-ordination and direction of the social instinct of love, and so prevent us finding the good "in which the soul obtains rest"—the selfish desires which keep us miserably shut in upon ourselves, the desires of the flesh which degrade and muddy and destroy affection, the undue contraction of love to some few objects with a disregard of the claims which every man, potentially a member of the great Society, must have upon us. And because our love is not strong enough and sure enough in our present imperfect state to carry us unconsciously over these impediments and distractions, we have to give attention to them and suppress them by a deliberate self-discipline. The moral law must still be the *paidagogos*, so long as we are apt to play the truant. Love cannot yet be for us an unerring light and joy its own security. Mr. Clutton-Brock probably knows Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" as well as anyone.

A view of the world in which love is the supreme thing must see value as essentially connected with personal individuality. Love cannot be love for something abstract, and to the lover more than to anyone else the uniqueness of the person he loves is sensibly clear. A general law is not real in the same sense as particular persons are real.

Parental affection, for instance, is something a degree removed from reality; what is real is the love of this particular parent for this particular child, and, because there is no other individual in the universe exactly like this parent and no other individual exactly like this child, the love between them has some peculiar quality that is found in no other love between parent and child. When we talk about friendship, or the religious sentiment, we throw together, as a matter of convenience for speech or thought, a vast number of loves with which different men have loved their friend or have loved God, no love being completely similar to any other and the individual difference in each case being part of the value. History never repeats itself, but is a single process in which every agent and every moment has a unique quality, and this makes it possible for Christianity to regard certain factual events in the world as of transcendent importance, to believe that one Man is the supreme embodiment of God, and one Sacrifice an act universal in its extension, and one Society, here existing as a fact of the world, actually the Supreme Society in germ.

It seems doubtful, as a matter of psychology, whether any one of us is really drawn to goodness by having explained to us, as a general moral principle, that we should do right for right's sake. Probably if we analyzed our inner life we should find that our attraction to goodness had always in the first instance been social. It was because we were impressed with some quality embodied in particular individuals we knew. We saw that it was a supremely good thing to be like them, it made us horribly discontented with being what we were; it seemed worth while trying our hardest to be like that, not for any adventitious rewards which might come to us from being like that, but because that was the one thing it was worth while to be. One may describe this by saying that they

revealed to us something of the Supreme Society, because they were already possessed in some measure by its spirit, and we felt, even if we did not express it in that way to ourselves, that the Society was our home.

The attraction of Christianity from its early days has been social. Men became Christians because in the different cities of the Roman Empire little societies sprang up with a life and atmosphere of a peculiar quality, and men were drawn to them through the appeal of that to something in themselves. But it is not only that the doctrine of the Kantian Imperative is likely to lack appeal if put to man or boy apart from its embodiment in individual men or an individual society, if duty is represented as the ultimate thing and not as the road to love. It is that such a view soon brings us into difficulties in moral valuation. A man who goes to see his best friend when his friend is ill is not acting from a sense of duty, but because love has made this action the only one which pleases himself. A man who goes to see a sick person he does not particularly care for acts from a sense of duty, because the moral imperative enjoins kindness. The latter, you say, is the better action, because more unselfish. Then is it a moral decline when kindness passes into love? A man begins to do some service to other people from kindness, but from personal contact comes to love them and goes on doing it to please himself. Love converts altruism into a new sort of egoism, abolishes the distinction between egoism and altruism. "Love only seeks itself to please," as Blake sang long ago. It is the characteristic of the saint that his power of loving other people is larger than that of the ordinary man. In the perfect Society everyone will love everyone. What room will there be then for the Kantian Imperative, right for right's sake? But if that, so far from being a moral fall, will be moral perfection, then

even here right-doing need not be exhibited as severely separate from its social consequences; the glory of the goal may in various measures and reflections illuminate the road.

This bears on the frequent depreciation one hears nowadays of the idea that one should do right in order to go to Heaven. Mr. Clutton-Brock repeats it once more. And, of course, it is quite undeniable that many forms of would-be Christianity have represented the nexus between right-doing and future happiness in a way which cannot be called anything but basely utilitarian. Yet may not the very fact that Christianity has so often given rise to this objectionable mode of statement indicate that there is some essential idea in its constitution which is here travestied or crudely expressed? Mr. Clutton-Brock points to St. Francis as representing the true view. But St. Francis is perhaps the most unfortunate person he could have chosen in this connection, if one may go by the "*Fioretti*." What St. Francis said when he preached, we are told, was as follows (*Capitolo XVII*):—

My sons, we have promised great things, but very much greater are the things promised by God to us if we observe these things that we have promised and look steadfastly for those which are promised unto us. Brief is the delight of the world, but the pain which followeth it is everlasting; small is the pain of this life, but the joy of the other life is infinite.

This is perhaps a way of representing things which is open to objection. It will not, one hopes, make Mr. Clutton-Brock think worse of St. Francis, but rather consider whether after all there is not behind the crudity a profoundly Christian idea of the goal which may draw men to right doing without making their motive base. It is when the social aspect in the idea of Heaven, not the aspect of individual comfort, is put forward—and that it was put forward in medie-

val Italy we may see by Dante's "Paradiso" if by nothing else. If men are drawn to saintliness here by the society of the saints, if they find their good in such love as is possible here within a little range, it is congruous that their right-doing should be sustained by the vision of the glorified society, the desire to be of that fellowship, and to be made themselves worthy of it, to know a love liberated at last from the bonds of space and time. "Amabo nunquam satis" was the cry with which a great-hearted French saint of our own days passed out of this sphere of things.

Of the three "desires of the soul" it is the desire for good of which the social implication is the most obvious. But it exists also in the desire for truth and the desire for beauty. To take the desire for truth. If all reality, as the philosophers teach us, is experience—the experience of some one—the desire for truth is the desire to get beyond my own small individuality, to enter into a larger experience, and is so far social in its nature. And the only real truth I can get is truth about other minds. For in our beliefs about the inanimate or material world what we call truth can give us no representation of the reality outside our minds. Truth here is the hypothesis which harmonizes our experience, which enables us in practice to forecast what under certain conditions our experience will be. If a scientific generalization serves this purpose, if it is "convenient," to use Poincaré's word, it has all the truth of which a scientific generalization is capable. But it is quite different in the case of truth about other minds. Here true belief does mean a representation in my own mind of a reality outside it. If I truly believe that some one is angry I imaginatively reproduce in my own mind the feeling in his. And in relation to other persons our desire to know the truth is very different from a desire to discover the most convenient hypothesis. The lover tor-

mented by doubt as to what the beloved really and truly feels about him shows desire for the truth at its acutest. So, too, the great question at the root of all religion is whether That which is behind phenomena cares for men—cares, that is, not only for their comfort, but for the values—justice, goodness, beauty—which men in their societies recognize as the things of supreme worth? Is it really and veritably true that He or It cares—does my feeling about these things reproduce something which is in Him? It is the doubt of the lover in regard to a vaster issue.

Again, whatever is true is true for everyone, not for me alone. The desire for truth is the desire to surmount what to me individually is appearance and lay hold of the universal heritage of all minds, so far as their apprehension, like mine, is not impeded by individual error. If all minds could get rid of individual error we should all be at one in the one truth. And so by this road, too, we are brought to the Supreme Society in the end. Truth is what is true for the Supreme Society, the community of those for whom individual error is done away. And because all truth is some one's experience, the Supreme Society—the sum of finite minds—will not contemplate truth as something outside itself (except in so far as the sum total of finite experience is transcended in the infinite of God), but as its own experience. Each individual, in penetrating the experiences of all the rest, the experience of the Whole, from his own unique point of view, with a power of knowledge increased beyond all that we can conceive, not only knows the whole truth (knows "even as he also is known"), but loves where he knows. Knowledge has become for him only one aspect of love. For indeed philosophers have shown how in our present discursive mode of tracking truth, in the logical sequences and categories and words in which we have to tie it down, there is something



which disfigures reality by breaking it up. The ideal, they say, would be a comprehension of the Whole in its organic being in a single intense vision. So that here, too, the goal of the seeker for truth is most nearly represented in this sphere of things by an act of social quality, the knowledge which the steadfastly gazing lover takes of the face of his beloved.

The good of the intellect, truth, will be fully attained when the spirit can contemplate the whole of reality in a way analogous to the lover's gaze. But such a gaze is also the consummation of the third desire of the spirit; in it is attained the good of the feelings, of what Mr. Clutton-Brock calls the æsthetic activity. In ensuing beauty, too, the individual is going beyond his narrow self to a universal heritage of human and superhuman souls. It is only to the Supreme Society that the full glory of the creation can be revealed, each individual seeing it innumerosly reflected in the joy of all the rest. We may learn enough of love, even in this dim world, to understand how all the three powers of the spirit—the will, the intellect, and the feelings, directed respectively to moral good, to truth, and to beauty—are combined in love and find their ultimate quietus in an unimpeded activity, of which the lover's gaze gives us some far-off conception.

Mr. Clutton-Brock may emphatically refuse to have anything to do with such a filling in of his scheme, on the ground that it is "mere theological dogma pretending to be philosophy." It does, of course, involve theological belief. But perhaps a believer in any sort of theology may say of theology what Mr. Clutton-Brock says of philosophy. You cannot,

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just because a great deal of theology is fantastic or bad, leave a lacuna in this region. You must fill it in with the best theology you can. For theology is, after all, only a statement of what you believe about the Ground of reality, and even if you assert that the Ground is utterly unknowable, or that it is indifferent to good and evil, that too is theology of a kind, a negative kind. What the warrant is for this, or any other, ultimate belief "belongs to another inquiry." So much one may say here in reference to Mr. Clutton-Brock's immediate purpose, the reform of education. For one who subscribes to such a view of the universe as that just outlined it follows that the hope of drawing boys to goodness and truth and beauty lies less in their having some philosophic scheme explained to them than in their being brought into contact with persons in whom the desires for goodness and truth and beauty are strong. As taken up into the essential life of such persons, the truths unfolded by Mr. Clutton-Brock's little book will be for them forcible realities; apart from such living embodiment they are likely to remain ethical platitudes. For in all young human beings the "social instinct" is operative. It pushes out tentatively here and there and throws tendrils, like a climbing vine, to cling to this or the other person whom it happens to meet. Without knowing it, and often by futile or bad ways, it is reaching after the Supreme Society, as a sea-bird hatched inland may flap into a pond, not knowing the sea. Boys are to be counted happy if the exigencies of their spirits are encountered at the critical moment and turned towards the City of God by those in whom the light of it already shines.

## IN THE VALLEY.

### I.

"Halloa! What's that?" the lanky subaltern on the bay horse asked sud-

denly of the man riding alongside, pointing towards the river with his switch.

Both men halted, and the speaker dismounted, slipped his arm through the bridle, and slouched down the shelving bank to the water's edge, staring hard at the ground, here quite bare and caked over with a light crust of sandy mud. His companion jumped off his horse and followed, looking slightly mystified until he reached the river. At the very edge of the water was a small inlet with square end and parallel sides, a Lilliputian harbor some inches long and three broad, into which the stream was lapping. About five feet away, where the soil was harder, was a second similar but fainter indentation.

"I thought so," said the subaltern tracing with his switch one of the two tracks which led from the inlets upwards to the short grass at the top, where they were lost.

"Two wheels!" were his next words. Then, stopping to scrutinize more closely the very indistinct impressions of a hoof, he almost snarled, "Mule-cart!"

In contrast to what it had been up till this moment, his tone was peevish. He seemed to be quite inconsequently perturbed by these trifling marks on the river-bank. But he had no cause to show, nor intention of showing, temper to his subordinate, and would have welcomed any refutation of his conclusions based on probability. Sudden, however, as had been his action, and jerky as had been the sentences snapped out, they were now full of significance to the sergeant, who was a few paces away, peering into a large patch of weeds and grass which extended right down to the water. The sergeant stood still and frowned. Amongst the herbage at his feet the edge of the bank was serrated with many marks similar to the two in the open—dozens of little places in which the river could play at harbors. There were also crescent-shaped depressions where the soil had been stamped into an irregular carpet pat-

tern of hoof-marks. And here again—but, owing to the growth of weeds, only to be seen after close inspection—were tracks, broad wheel-tracks running up the bank.

"Guns across this way, I think, sir," he suggested.

He did not "think": he knew positively. But the news was so very unwelcome that he felt instinctively that the blow which certainty would convey should be dealt by the senior to himself.

In three steps the subaltern was on his knees among the nettles, measuring with his clenched fist the breadth of the tracks. There were the proofs, all the hoof-marks faced one way. Artillery must have crossed from the other side. He did not especially care how many or what sort of guns there had been; it was enough for him that any could get over. Still kneeling, he looked up across the stream. Its troubled appearance and rapid flow, and the boulders breaking its surface showed its shallowness; and diagonally opposite, some fifty yards up, the far bank shelved at a suspiciously feasible grade.

"Just follow the tracks up the weedy place and see what there is above. I'll have a look at the other side."

He mounted, urged his horse into the stream, and, carefully following the broken water, rode on the slant toward the piece of shelving bank on the far side. There was no need to land. At ten yards from the shore he could plainly distinguish the signs he was seeking but did not wish to find. For a few moments he sat staring at the wheel-marks, while the river foamed against the chest of his horse. Again did he appear to be quite unwarrantably disturbed by what he saw. Indeed, so engrossed was he that he gradually relaxed his position and allowed his feet to drag in the stream. It was only the sensation of cold as the water crept up his shins that awoke him to facts. And

it was none too soon, for his mount was pawing in that unmistakable manner which betokens an earnest desire to roll. Touching him with his one remaining spur, he turned the animal, which floundered back towards the sergeant at the starting-point.

"Ford, right enough, and a good one. Found anything more?"

"No, sir. All signs lost in the hard grass up top."

The subaltern rode out of the river on to the bare ground and, still thoughtful, halted there without dismounting. The water dripped off his horse, collected into a pool, and then meandered about till it reached the original wheel-track, down which it trickled back to the river, thus bravely advertising the slight impression which had so very nearly escaped notice. The sergeant essayed consolation.

"Bit of luck—this bare place, sir."

"Yes, curse it—I mean, thank God for it—and for the cart that came across it—and the mules that drew the cart—and the ass that drove it! If it wasn't for him we should have spotted nothing. The other marks are absolutely hidden." He looked inquiringly up the bank. "The detachment ought to be coming along soon. Just go back and hurry them under cover. Mount the sentry, and get the tools and stuff down here. We've used our last stick of dynamite, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, bring powder."

"How much? The usual?"

"Yes, one will do. No. We'll give them a double dose since we've no dynamite. Bring down a couple of barrels. This must be a very old place—almost disused—and they'll probably count on our not having discovered it. If they come at all, it's here they'll try to cross for a cert—especially if we don't fix it. There are plenty of likely spots for the powder up there. I sha'n't be five minutes pick-

ing out one." He started to move in the direction in which he was looking. The sergeant turned his horse round, then hesitated.

"Well, what is it?" said the other testily.

"You remember—there's only that one rifle left, sir?"

"I know. Bring it along."

The sergeant said no more, and rode off up the bank. The subaltern again dismounted and led his horse slowly upstream until he was opposite the shelving place on the far side, where the river was about fifty yards wide. At this spot there was a narrow strip of sand from which the bank rose somewhat steeply to a height of thirty feet above the water. The slope was dotted with bushes, and at its top was a large tree whose tangled roots were half exposed. Hitching his horse to a bush, he scrambled about half-way up. He turned and, looking towards the far end of the ford, shifted about, carefully aligning his position on the prolongation of the depression which led down to the water on that side of the river. He then solemnly planted his switch, butt first, in the loose sandy soil. After a second careful scrutiny all round he slid down the bank, sat down by his horse, and proceeded to fill a pipe.

Resting his head on his hand, he smoked on, occasionally scanning the far side of the river. There the approach running down to the ford was in a kind of groove, which had been worn or excavated at some time, but had long been disused, and was now quite overgrown. Indeed, without some clue, such as was given by the knowledge of the existence of the ford, it might have been passed a hundred times without its real nature being detected. Still, it was the obvious way of approach for any body of troops trying to cross the river, while for wheeled traffic its use was almost inevitable. And it was

just the kind of bottle-neck, or, in military language, "defile," where vehicles would crowd together. Now the subaltern wanted them crowded, if they came at all, and it was at the very spot to which such a mass would present itself end on that he had placed his switch. In his jargon this spot commanded and enfiladed the approach.

So far so good. Though the little job of planting the stick in the earth was over, and he could do nothing more at present, there was still something on his mind. He drew from his haversack a sketch-map. On this map certain points along the river had been marked conspicuously with red-ink crosses, and he proceeded to follow up each of these marks with a pencil, ticking them off and counting aloud as he did so. As he counted eleven he moved the pencil on to his own position. The fact that there was no red mark there seemed to upset him.

"Not my mistake; but *I've* got to face the music," he muttered, and drew in a cross so incisively that he snapped the point of the pencil. He resharpened it with deliberation, then wiped the blacklead off his thumb on his wet boot. The string with which the upper had been so carefully lashed to the sole had been displaced by his stirrup, and a wet and pink big toe was peeping out between two layers of gaping leather. Observing this, the shadow of a smile crossed its owner's thin face. But he had little real cause for smiling.

## II.

The theatre of war in which the detachment was operating was a sparsely-populated area in which the resources of civilization had never been many. Now that the struggle had been going on for some time, so much damage had been done that all the conveniences to be found in a settled country were at a premium, and the river—an important

strategic feature—had had its value as an obstacle much enhanced by the wholesale destruction of its bridges. All those still standing happened to be in the hands of the army to which the subaltern and the sergeant belonged. To illustrate the situation by a business parallel, their side had succeeded in establishing a corner in bridges. For the enemy there were no bridges to be had, except at the prohibitive cost in lives which attacks on strongly-defended positions would entail. The result of this was that a feverish demand had sprung up for fords—for which there had been no inquiry for years—and their value had suddenly appreciated. Old fords had been opened up, new ones had been discovered, and the cross-river traffic went on as briskly as ever. Then the commander who controlled the bridge market became desirous of also controlling the fords. But the method in which he was trying to manipulate this commodity differed from that which had been employed in the case of the bridges. It was a purely negative process, for he neither wanted the fords himself nor could have spared the men to hold them. The only thing to be done, therefore, was to pursue a dog-in-the-manger policy and deny them to the enemy.

Fords can be denied to an enemy in many ways besides by being held and defended. One of the simplest is to sow them with harrows, ploughs, or wire fencing, or to construct barbed-wire entanglements under the water. But, distinctly annoying and offensive to troops in a hurry as such obstructions are, they are otherwise trivial, for they can be removed at leisure and their moral effect is negligible. When it is desired to add a minatory effect to the merely physical obstacle it is necessary to make an appeal to the nerves. This can best be done by explosives.

It is a truism that in land warfare the value of mines and suchlike contrivances

of the sapper is almost entirely psychological. For every man actually damaged by their action hundreds suffer mentally either from the knowledge or the mere suspicion of their existence. Indeed, the very rumor of their presence is sufficient to induce an Agag-like method of progression.

And not only does this apply to those for whose hurt the mines are intended; it affects those whose duty it is to prepare them, since explosives have no discrimination and are not respecters of persons. For the mine-layer in war, as for the active terrorist in peace, there is always the haunting dread of being hoist by his own petard. Dealing as he does with unstable and extremely violent chemical compounds and rough, improvised mechanisms, he literally carries his life in his hands, at his fingertips, at his very toes. Too rough a touch, a stumble, and another life has to be written off the ledger of his side as "expended." Mine-laying demands the very highest form of bravery, the unemotional courage inspired by self-control, determination, and a sense of duty. The man undertaking it usually works with very few others, secretly and in obscure places. Neither one of a crowd, nor actually fighting, he is not inspired to gallantry by the presence of comrades, the enthusiasm or passion of the moment, or the sheer lust of combat. There is no struggle with a living, sentient adversary to excite him. Excitement of a sort he has in plenty, but it is of a very one-sided nature, such as is afforded by a cold-blooded contest against a ghostly enemy, which is quite unresponsive, quite undemonstrative, until the last moment. If the mine-layer wins in the struggle, though the result of his work may not affect anything, he has been through a far more severe trial than many a man who commits a gallant deed in the heat of action. But he is seldom acclaimed as a hero, for few

know what he has accomplished. When he fails, the simple word "Missing," under which his name appears, will usually be a literally correct epitaph.

It was in duty of this nature that the detachment was now engaged, and to the officer sitting smoking by the river it was no new experience. Familiarity had not, however, in his case bred the proverbial contempt; he had too much experience and wisdom to treat the agencies employed by him with anything but the respect due to their power. Moreover, during the last few days his nerves had been almost continuously on the stretch, for his life had very frequently depended on the sensitiveness of fulminate, the exact tension of a wire, the stiffness of a trigger, or the care with which an assistant placed his feet. But his obvious depression on this occasion was not due to any of these normal causes.

The usual system in this form of warfare, and the one hitherto employed by the subaltern, had been to place small dynamite mines, mechanically and automatically controlled, on the pull-out or near side of the fords. Since such mines were quite local and limited in their radius of action, they were reinforced, wherever possible, by a fougasse.

This mediæval device, though not often met with in ordinary life, is still used in warfare, and deserves a word to itself. Under its high-sounding French name—otherwise *foyer au feu*—it is really a rudimentary but fearsome gun made in the earth. No mere mine, bomb, or simple infernal machine which scatters fragments of metal around in vague passion, the fougasse throws its projectiles with precise and aimed malice. A slanting hole, carefully aligned in the right direction, is dug in the ground. This forms the bore of the gun. A powder charge having been placed at the bottom, the excavation is loaded to the brim with brick-bats,



stones, scrap-iron, or any natural missiles sufficiently heavy to cause hurt to the human body when hurled violently against it. The efficacy of this engine of destruction partly depends upon the principle so quickly seized upon by the small boy old enough to discover that Nature has provided him with an arm for the express purpose of throwing stones at other small game. When he can shoot into the "brown" of a flock he throws a stone, trusting to the number of targets to assist in registering a hit. When there is only one target, and that a small one, he thinks to increase his chance by multiplying missiles, and hurls a handful of gravel. The fougasse heaves a shower of missiles over a large area. And even if none find a billet, the fountain of earth and rocks projected on high cannot fail to impress the most unimaginative spectator. This, after all, is an important part of its object.

Until he had stopped the sergeant by his exclamation at sight of the mark at the river's edge the subaltern had imagined that his work of the last six days was over. He had been sent out upon a raiding expedition to block all the crossing-places in a certain stretch of the river. There were ten of these marked on the map supplied to him, and, starting out with a wagon-load of the stores necessary to his machinations, he had, with a proper adjustment of means to the end, expended all his dynamite in fixing them up.

It was for this reason that he was now forced to rely upon a fougasse alone for the eleventh ford just discovered, which was not shown on the map, and the existence of which was evidently unsuspected at headquarters. The revulsion of feeling at its discovery at a moment when he had thought his work done accounted partly for the subaltern's disgust when first he had seen the tell-tale wheel-track on the bank. Filled as he had been with bit-

terness against the people responsible for this mistake, unworthy thoughts had momentarily assailed him. He had carried out his orders at great danger. Evidently no one knew of this place. Why should he risk his life again?

Though he was about to concentrate his efforts upon a fougasse of double power, it was not the dangers of the thing itself, which, after all, were no greater than they had been with all the others, that was weighing on his mind. He had chosen its site so that most of its missiles would sweep the approach on the far bank; and, by placing the trip-wire somewhere near the bare patch of mud, one of the leading horses or vehicles issuing from the river would probably fire the charge just at the moment when the approach would be packed full of men, horses, and wagons or guns. It was all quite simple. For carrying out his kindly intention the subaltern had the knowledge, the powder, the wire, and the tools. Besides these things, all that was necessary was a spare rifle. He had a rifle. And it was the nature of this weapon, coupled to the fact that it was the only one available, which was especially troubling him.

The simplest method of exploding an automatic engine of destruction of this nature when no electric appliance is available is by means of a firearm, which contains in a handy form all the necessary mechanism. The train of action is started by the victim treading on or tripping against a hidden wire. The jerk thus conveyed to the trigger fires a blank cartridge in the chamber of the weapon, and the flash of the latter ignites the powder charge in which the muzzle is embedded. This necessitates a long-barreled firearm. The war had now been carried on almost to a state of exhaustion, and had reached the retail, pettifogging stage when single lives and single weapons are counted. Not only was an obsolete pattern of

rifle employed for this kind of work, but, in order to avoid by any chance presenting the enemy with still serviceable, though old, weapons, the stocks of all those used for the purpose were sawn off short, so that they could not be presented to the shoulder.

The subaltern had started with seventeen of such mutilated firearms, and had already made use of sixteen on the ten fords with which he had dealt. The seventeenth had been found to be so dangerously defective that it had been put on one side and, in order to prevent any fatal mistakes, had been branded with a piece of rag tied on to it. In this pattern of gun the breech was opened by depressing a lever behind the trigger-guard, while the upward movement of the lever closed the breech and cocked the rifle. The fault of this particular specimen was that the upward motion of the lever sometimes not only closed the breech but fired the rifle without the trigger being touched. An awkward habit enough for a man shooting, it was worse than awkward for one who was gripping the lever when a small volcano happened to be at the muzzle of the rifle. Had this specimen, however, been straightforward and misbehaved on every occasion, the certainty would have simplified matters. No one in his senses would have attempted to use the thing.

But there was a subtlety about it, for now and again the action worked correctly, and the rifle did not go off until the trigger was pressed. This, of course, gave the glorious uncertainty of chance to anyone dealing with the weapon; but the odds against the dealer were too great, and the penalty for losing was too severe, for even a confirmed gambler to contemplate with equanimity. The subaltern knew something about the mechanism of rifles, but he now had neither the tools nor the time to take this one to pieces and put it together again. And he could

not make use of any of the weapons carried by his detachment, for he was already deficient of two. He would, however, in any case have hesitated to deprive one of his men of his "best friend." His own repeating pistol was not long enough to serve.

In a few minutes the wagon and detachment arrived, the powder-barrels were rolled down, and digging was begun at the spot marked. The freshly-excavated earth, being of too bright a color to leave lying about, was shoveled on to blankets, dragged down the bank, and tipped into the river. Between these intermittent journeys a heap of boulders was gradually collected near the hole. Some were jagged, and some were round and smooth, the only limit to size being the weight which one man could carry. The four men thus employed in excavating and collecting included the sergeant. A fifth was with the horses ensconced in a suitable hollow under some trees at the top, while the sixth kept a lookout from the highest point near by. The work—by now almost a matter of routine—had been started without more orders from the officer, and the excavation proceeded at great speed in the soft soil. Beyond once inspecting the hole to check the alignment of the axis of his "gun" and to gauge the thickness of earth left above it the subaltern paid no attention to what was going on.

He remained seated, absorbed in playing with an object which the sergeant had handed to him. It was half a rifle with a dirty strip of rag hanging from it; and the subaltern was trying to discover what, if any, law governed its erratic behavior. Holding it this way and that, he continued to open and close the breech, and kept a careful record in his notebook of each trial, much as a "system crank" books the *coups* at a roulette-table. For every attempt he put down a tick, and each time the thing worked right he crossed

the tick. At intervals he would study the diagram produced, try to analyze it, and would rack his brains in an effort to obtain a rule—rigid or flexible—which seemed to govern its eccentricities. Treating it as a cryptogram, he did his best to discover any cycle, periodicity, or recurrence in the pattern booked by him, to weave a rhythm into its irregular metre; he even endeavored to set it to music. At moments he did trace sequences in the runs of success; but in no case did he obtain more than two complete cycles. It was all in vain. He might as well have attempted to analyze the dance of the gnats which were now hovering over his head—for he had put out his pipe when the powder came upon the scene.

At last he gave up the hopeless attempt at a solution by numbers, and bethought him of another method. If it were grit or a loose flake of rust which was causing this unaccountable behavior he might possibly distinguish something by the sense of touch. He might be able to tell what the lever was about to do by the feel, the texture, so to speak, of its pull when opened. He had not dared to oil it—the lubricant might so ease the action that the rifle would go off every time it was closed, and thus spoil even the outside chance which he was now prepared to take. With eyes shut in order to concentrate all his faculties upon his sense of touch, he had been for some time intent on his new game when he was interrupted.

"All ready now, sir."

By this was implied that the powder was loaded, and the subaltern handed over the rifle. There was no need for him to superintend the fixing of it or the packing of the stones. There was practically no danger until a cartridge was placed in the chamber of the rifle, and that he always did himself at the very last. "Sing out when you've fixed it," he said. "I'll just go across

and have a look from the other side."

With the reins gathered in his hand he was just about to mount when the sentry on top of the bank whistled three times.

The men under the tree at once stopped working, and lay down. The subaltern and sergeant, who were out in the open, ran towards the tree, the former towing his unwilling beast by the bridle.

"Wagon and team all right?" said the officer, as they ran.

"Yes—under a nice bit of scrub, sir."

When the two men got well under the tree, they too lay down under its thickest part. The three whistles had evidently been some well-understood signal of alarm, but no move was made to pick up the rifles lying about—the whole party seemed to be listening. Above the burbling of the rapid rose a humming noise. A vague throbbing in the sky, its direction could not be guessed; it seemed to pervade the air. The sound quickly increased in volume to a loud buzz and then to a muffled roar. The five men by the river peered up through the foliage. A large gray biplane flew high up in the air across the river from east to west. It carried three men. Glistening in the sunlight like some gauzy-winged fly, it flew straight on without sign until the sound of its propeller died away to a gentle hum in the distance. The men reassumed their duties, and the subaltern mounted.

"Looks as if they were watching this ford, sir," said the sergeant.

"Yes. They're not doing that for nothing. They'll probably try it tonight. Wish I'd put in three barrels."

With this kind sentiment the subaltern rode over to the far side again.

After a short time he heard across the water the signal that everything except his share of the work had been done. He rode up and down on the far side, examining from there the near

bank in order to ascertain if any rearrangement was necessary for concealment of the work, and then he recrossed. Nothing except the protruding breach of the rifle now betrayed the fougasse, for all the stones had been covered over with dry earth. Even a dead bush was lying ready for him to plant artistically when he should have finished his own duty of adjusting the tension and loading the rifle. The wire was ready in place, lightly buried where it crossed under the probable "pull-out" of the ford, and led over two straining pieces of wood, also buried, which acted in the same way as violin bridges. Below the rifle the direction of the wire was changed so as to give a straight pull on the trigger.

The men went off to pack up, and while the sergeant made play to be the victim crossing over the tread the subaltern adjusted the exact pull of the wire. This required some nicety of touch and considerable judgment, and it was a little time before the tension was right.

"Ready to move off, sergeant?"

"All ready, sir."

"Right. Give me the blank. You carry on, and get away as soon as you can."

The sergeant moved his hand towards his pocket, then hesitated and coughed.

"Hurry up, man," said the other.

"Did you get that rifle to work right, sir?"

"Oh, yes; it's all right now."

Even if the sergeant had not hurriedly tried the thing himself several times when his senior was on the other side of the river, he would have seen through this prevarication. The subaltern was not a good liar.

"Beg pardon, sir—would you let me fix this one?"

"You? Nonsense, man! You get on with the convoy. I'm all right."

The sergeant turned round slowly and walked away.

"Give me the blank before you go."

"They're—in the wagon, sir. I sha'n't be a minute."

The officer stared at him suspiciously. It was unusual for this man not to have everything to hand up to time. Besides, he had at first moved his hand to his pocket. There was something behind all this. The sergeant was as clumsy at deception as his senior had been.

As soon as he got out of sight the sergeant pulled a bulletless cartridge from his pocket and hurriedly dug out its contents with a nail. He then ran back with overdone haste and handed over the empty case.

The subaltern took it and examined the cap with care. That was all right; it had not been fired. He then probed the case with a stem of grass. Finding that he could pass the grass right up to the base, he threw the shell away and, looking the abashed and surprised sergeant in the face, held out his hand. The offense of which he suspected his subordinate was so serious that, without absolute proof, he decided to say nothing.

The two men looked at each other steadily. Without a word the sergeant handed over a second cartridge. This was inspected and sounded in the same way, and when the stem of grass was prevented from passing into the case by some solid substance, the officer scooped out a little of the stuff with a splinter and examined it. He then nodded. As the sergeant, still silent, again turned to go, the subaltern fumbled in his haversack.

"Hold hard—here's the map. You'd better take it with you—in case—There's no chance of it, of course; but if you should hear the thing go off, and I don't turn up, and you get back all right, go straight to headquarters and report that the ten fords are blocked, but that this one here—I'll mark it big—number eleven—which they don't know of, is not blocked—see?"

A nod was the only reply.

"Whatever you do, don't be caught or killed with this marked map on you. Have a good look at it now, so that you will be able to point out the place of this ford without the map, in case you have to destroy it. See here—this bit of the river's all that matters. I'll cut that out. If the worst comes to the worst you can chew up this small piece." As he spoke he cut a strip out of the center of the map. He then wrung the man's hand and, calling him by his name, said good-bye. "Now get a move on. There's no need to look so glum. I shall catch you up in twenty minutes."

He watched the sergeant go up the bank, heard his word of command, heard the cavalcade move off. He appreciated the motive of the clumsy effort at deceit through which he had seen, and had no fear that the man had plugged the barrel of the rifle or not placed its muzzle in the powder, for if he had done anything of the sort his trick with the cartridge at the last moment would not have been necessary. Picking his steps carefully so as to avoid the wire, whose course was buoy-marked by certain innocent-looking twigs, he again climbed up the slope and lay down on his stomach. He then deposited the blank cartridge on the ground to his right hand, placed his empty pipe between his teeth, and proceeded with his experiments.

### III.

While the sergeant, filled with apprehension, continued on his way, the object of his solicitude lay spread-eagled on the bank of the river preparing for his throw of the die with death. After looking at the watch on his wrist he shut his eyes and went on with the operation of opening and closing the lever, in which he had been interrupted. The rifle still acted in its former perverse manner, without giving any tangible clue to its irregularities; he was still unable to trace the slightest variation,

either in the motion or the resistance of the breech action when opened, whatever happened afterwards. There was no more, and there was no less, stickiness or vibration when the lever was going to fire the weapon than when it was not. Remembering that moisture increases the sensibility of the skin, he sucked his thumb and forefinger, and after a time he thought he could distinguish some faint difference of the nature he was seeking in the pull. But, almost impalpable, it was too vague to be of any use for prognostication, and most of his forecasts as to the rifle's behavior based on it were wrong. When one did happen to prove correct, he realized that it was by chance. Finally, all sensation had been so long concentrated in his finger and thumb that his imagination began to play tricks; the curved metal of the lever felt as if it were something soft in his grasp, as if it were alive and contracting and expanding in drawing breath. So powerful was this impression that he involuntarily opened his eyes to look. His empty pipe being in the way, he took it from his mouth. And it was only when he felt the pipe-bowl itself palpitating in his grasp that he realized how strongly the pulse in the ball of the thumb can beat. It seemed hopeless. If his blood-vessels were throbbing in that manner, what confidence was to be placed in external sensations?

He had almost given up his efforts at rational investigation and determined to rely on blind chance, when a bird on a branch above his head warbled. The sound was an inspiration. There was one sense he had not tried—perhaps his ears would give him the secret!

Again settling himself down on his chest, he placed his ear as close to the breech as possible. In doing this his foot slipped, his face was jerked forward on to the jagged sawn-off butt of the rifle, and a splinter gashed his cheek. Unheeding, he dug his feet farther into



the earth so as to get a better grip, again closed his eyes, and, barely breathing, began his games with the lever once more. Numberless sounds—up till now hardly noticed—all at once grew insistently loud and bewildering. The bird above him had flown away, but others twittered in the distance, and, in spite of the apparent lack of breeze, the top leaves of the trees were whispering. The volume of water in the river seemed to have increased, and its murmur over the shallows was now almost a roar. While the hum of insects was all-pervading and covered the whole gamut, the noise of those nearest sounded in his ears like bugle marches brayed out by gramophones.\* This medley of notes, in reality hardly audible, assumed unbelievable intensity to the ears straining to catch another and more subtle sound.

He continued his trials, at first slowly and gently. Then, finding that such slow successive movements were too separate for minute differences of noise to be noted and compared, he changed his tactics. He took a deep breath and worked the lever up and down as fast and as often as he could, till the blood throbbed in his head, till the pounding of his heart against the solid earth almost lifted him and he was forced to exhale. After what seemed like many hours of this he gradually came to the conclusion that he could distinguish a minute difference in the faint grating noise of the lever as it oscillated. He could not have sworn to it, but the thing seemed to purr slightly upon its downward journey on those occasions when it did not fire the rifle upon its return to the closed position. By this time he was bathed in perspiration; his sleeves were full of sand, which stuck to his skin; and his face and wrists were speck-

led with mosquitoes. The toe-nails of one foot were full of soil and almost bleeding. The bowl of his pipe and half the bitten-off stem lay some distance down the bank; the remainder was in splinters in his mouth. Below his chin the flies dodged and buzzed and wrangled over the dark patch formed on the soil by the blood dripping from his cheek. But of these trifles he was entirely unconscious.

He had not time to confirm his suspicions about the existence of this purring sound when he heard a rifle-shot. The single report was followed by several others. If the convoy were being attacked already there was no time to lose, and upon the next occasion when he thought that he heard the lever purr he made up his mind to act. He picked up the cartridge, blew off the grit, and pressed it carefully home into the chamber. As he did so the bright, undented copper cap in its base seemed to wink at him derisively. There was now no longer need for him to keep his eyes shut in order to concentrate his mind, and, pausing for a moment, he gazed upwards. In spite of the blue sky above he felt that he was now verily in the Valley, that the Shadow was closing over him.

Wondering if he should ford the next river he had to cross, or whether the old ferryman, Charon, would be waiting to take him over, he for the last time gripped the curved piece of metal.

Very gently he pressed it upwards. After an eternity there was a soft click, and the movement of the lever ceased.

When the subaltern realized that the rifle-shots were much closer, he did not seem to be perturbed by the fact. With a sob of relief he slid quietly down the bank. The eleventh ford was ready!

*Old-Luk-Oie.*

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## THE REAL CHARLOTTE.

I am writing in a room which for many years contained Charlotte's pictures and  
LIVING AGE, VOL. III, No. 144.

books and samplers and china, the things she made with her hand, the things her

eye rested upon, the matters of her household plenishing for that wedded life which was to be brief, which hides itself behind a veil. That veil may have hidden only radiance, though one feels drabness. Charlotte, who would have adored a Viking, tied to an Irish curate; an Irish curate of early Victorian days!

She was the "onlie begetter" of the woman's hero in fiction, the Viking. Marriage by capture must have been the ideal of her great yet shrinking heart, else she would not have created Rochester, and founded a school—*longo intervallo*—which had an immense vogue during the maidenly Victorian days, and has now no successors.

So many things have been written about Charlotte—there is only one Charlotte—that nothing remains to be added. A great many brilliant and interesting minds have spent themselves upon Charlotte, and more and more they flock to the solving of her enigma so that one suspects the shallowness of one's own mind when one cannot see that there is an enigma at all. If there is it would be a work of supererogation to fling yet another stone in that cairn, to make a new theory or to elaborate the old ones.

The Brontë cult has sprung up within my memory. I am not sure that one did not see Jane—no, I mean Charlotte—more clearly, having read "Jane Eyre" and Mrs. Gaskell, than when one had read through the many speculative books concerning the lonely spinster of Haworth. I am not sure that succeeding writers, however brilliant, however loving and reverent, have not darkened our understanding of the real Charlotte. I believe she could have stood by "Jane Eyre"—that book, partly autobiographical, partly her life as she would have made it if but she could have escaped—not to the arms of an Irish curate. What she lived, what she would have lived: "Jane Eyre" holds these two, and for me it is enough.

I will confess—I read "Jane Eyre" when I was thirteen, and again and again till, I suppose, the book must have fallen to pieces, about my eighteenth or nineteenth year. I have never read it since. Some time during those years I read also "Shirley," "Villette" and "The Professor," as well as "Wuthering Heights" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," all with an absorption and a living, passionate interest, such as belong to those days of lonely childhood and young girlhood. I was leading a life nearly as lonely as that of Haworth, and melancholy with the neuralgia of the head and the heart which comes to young people who live mainly on dreams and tea. "Jane Eyre" lives in my mind like a quivering and passionate flame: like a red rose, greater and more beautiful than any rose ever was yet. These splendors shine still against a background of lonely fields, where, in a low, thatched house, for some years, two young girls kept house or did not keep house together, with one old woman-servant to look after them and an occasional flying visit from a father too harassed by the cares of a big business to be what he was in the tranquil years. The life which was to be so full and so happy for one was not even yet on the horizon; and she would have asked nothing better of the future than days and nights of infinite leisure in which she should pore over an endless procession of books, as like to "Jane Eyre" as possible.

To come to my confession. I read "Shirley," and I don't remember what it was about beyond that the early chapter, or chapters, was, or were, concerned with curates. I liked "Shirley," I know; but it is somehow mixed up in my mind with other books I was reading at the same time—with Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South" and "Sylvia's Lovers," with Trollope's Barchester books, with others. I cannot clearly disentangle them. I am almost as hazy

about "Villette"; "The Professor" I found dull. What has remained in my mind over all the years is "Jane Eyre." And with "Jane Eyre" that unearthly book, surely the greatest ever written by woman, "Wuthering Heights." "Wuthering Heights" is to me hardly a book. It becomes part of one's life, never quite to be forgotten, to be laid away. The mere memory of it sets one's heart-strings answering as though a wild wind played on them.

I have talked of Charlotte's Viking, and "the onlie begetter." Let me go back and say that I was wrong. Surely Rochester was the Corsair and Byron "the onlie begetter." Byron was still the Romantic Spirit in Charlotte's impressionable years. Rochester reflected the Corsair, and Charlotte's genius added the Viking touch. Jane Eyre was wooed as Charlotte would have been wooed. One wonders at the temerity of the Irish curate who stepped into the shoes of the dream-lover Charlotte would have summoned if her wild heart could have had its way.

To be sure, Charlotte was the daughter of an Irish parson who is about as great an enigma to his daughter's lovers as she herself. The father of Emily and Charlotte, to say nothing of the much-discussed, probably much-wronged Branwell—for his case was considered by a tribunal about as much fitted to judge as a jury of single women—I had almost written "nuns," but remembered that in my experience nuns are far more broad-minded than the majority of maiden ladies in the world—must have been a very untypical parson. He was no better and no worse than the other early and mid-Victorian fathers who, like the cuttle-fish, exuded a fluid, inky-black, which darkened their atmosphere. Probably the poor man was as little fitted for Haworth Parsonage as his amazing family. Probably they fretted each other beyond all telling. Genius is gey ill to live wi'—and genius in such circumstances—

frozen by penury, suffering from ill-health and an unbearable solitude, in wild and lonely surroundings! The Roaring 'Forties—the 'Thirties, the 'Fifties—let us take the 'Forties as a type—was a bad time for the middle classes, if the fiction of that time represents contemporary history at all faithfully. A certain mouldiness in the books that deal with the refined middle-class life—a certain hardness and briskness, as of the Manchester School, in what is more stirring. It is an advantage not to have read since the books one devoured at fifteen, to have retained the impression, uncomplicated by all that came later.

If the Brontës' mother had lived, perhaps Haworth would have for us a less churchyard air than it has now. Human nature must have had very little chance of developing there except underground. The religion of those days would have looked askance at natural gaiety, would have banned laughter and love and pretty garments and all the things the young heart sighs after. Patrick Brontë was probably a starved child himself. If he found some consolation in the bottle who is to throw a stone at him? One remembers the judge who remarked when a prisoner, accused of manslaughter, pleaded drunkenness: "Ah, well, it may be the shortest way out of Manchester."

Although I have not read "Shirley" for many years and have all but forgotten it, although I am in almost like case with "Villette" and "The Professor," I have yet been obliged, of late years, to be aware of a great deal about Charlotte and M. Héger of Brussels, since so many books of the Brontë cult have come my way. I have read many volumes concerning the possible or probable relations of Charlotte with her master—oh, shade of Rochester! I have also read the letters—on the margins of which M. Héger dotted down his casual notes—which *The Times* published some

years ago. M. Héger and the jealous Madame Héger belong to the dusty 'Forties, like so much else that make cobwebs round Charlotte's fiery life. With my one vivid impression of "Jane Eyre" I am quite out of court as counsel's opinion upon whether the love of Charlotte's life was given to the drab, brisk little schoolmaster of Brussels, with the uncongenial wife as Charlotte saw her and fixed her, poor thing. As a woman, I may, perhaps, give my opinion humbly. M. Héger may have served as a lay figure for Charlotte to hang her dreams upon, or he may have been a sentimental interlude, and escape from Charlotte's Manchester. Charlotte would not have been the first woman of genius to pretend to herself that a man was a hero when she knew he was no such thing. Women—I will not say of genius, for genius is rare—

"One word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it."

but women of brains and heart, very commonly play at this—comedy or tragedy, as you will. It is, in fact, a part which women play the more ardently the more imagination they have. Mothers with plain daughters and dull sons will play at it as conscientiously as the woman who has a boor for a lover and makes believe that he is a hero and a knight, knowing better than other people exactly how other people regard him. These are of the minor poignancies of life. But I doubt very much whether in this game of make-believe the leading lady—men never do these things, though they often love and admire sincerely persons whose charms are for them alone—ever loses her own personality in the part she is playing. She may be willing to give up her judgment: she may desire passionately to be deaf and dumb and blind—but she does not succeed, though compassion and the sense of ownership may make quite a good substitute for love.

Being quite an outsider I have often wondered over the intense pre-occupation of so many distinguished minds with Charlotte Brontë. If it had been Emily, now! But Emily, that fiery-hearted vestal, if she had a secret would never yield it up. She was white fire. To look too closely at her heart would be to suffer the penalty of the one who would have stolen the sun's fire. Is it possible that Emily is the real holder of the secret, the unattainable secret, like the eternal ice, the highest peaks which allure because they can never be reached? And, failing Emily, has Charlotte set many guessing at what she can never now reveal?

My theory of Charlotte will, of course, have no weight with those who have spent much thought and time on what must be an intensely fascinating study. Is her attraction for the minds of men now a compensation for a failure to attract the eyes and hearts of men while she lived? She would hardly accept it as a compensation. She would have been properly shocked if a woman had said in her hearing that life was very short and that the main thing in it for a woman was to be loved. She would have been even more shocked, perhaps, if she had been told that it was true of herself. Yet I think that is the secret which looks out of "Jane Eyre." Charlotte was one of the few unhappy women who, ardently desiring to attract, are unable to put forth attraction. Usually, I think, the desire to attract goes with the power. W. B. Yeats said to me once of a very charming and pretty girl who had faded into old maidenhood: "Ah, she is a scentless flower. The bees do not come." But would not the desire for honey bring the bees? One hopes so, and that the scentless flower who turns to the bee in vain is a rare and cruel product of Nature.

Charlotte, in fact, could not pierce through the spinster in whom her fiery heart was forever caged. She was like

the starling in the "Sentimental Journey" crying: "I can't get out! I can't get out!" She escaped only in her books—especially in "Jane Eyre," and in some one or two of the poems. If she had not had the disguise of Currer Bell, with its possibly masculine anonymity, would she ever have slipped from her spinster-ship so completely as she did in "Jane Eyre," which was, I imagine, a little shocking, or more than a little shocking, to my mother, who was the mother of eleven children? Having had that amazing adventure, did not Charlotte creep back into her spinster shell and never again so completely shed it?

It would be the gravest impertinence to discuss or consider the feeling Charlotte Bookman.

lotte had for the man she married. We are allowed to know that the Rev. Arthur Bell Nichols was, as might be expected from an Irish curate of the 'Forties, a somewhat narrow-minded person, in whom the external Charlotte may have found her seeming mate, while the Charlotte who was Jane Eyre lived on unsuspected.

Even for me, to whom Jane Eyre means so much, Charlotte is always the spinster. One has to get behind the spinster, and an uncomfortable, somewhat bitter spinster, to recapture Jane, whose attitude towards her lover was what the official Charlotte would have considered unbecoming in a self-respecting female.

Katharine Tynan.

## AUSTRIA—AND THE WAY OUT.

The opinions uttered by returned Englishmen and Englishwomen from Serbia *via* Austria-Hungary, conjoined with the present writer's intercourse and subsequent correspondence with Austrian Slavs and Magyars in the United States (some of them American citizens, others participators in great International movements such as Woman Suffrage or in scientific missions, whom the war has detained in America), have aroused the faint hope that there *may* be a way out of the ultimate dilemma for the victorious Allies; a way to real peace through Austria, conjoined with Hungary.

This dilemma is *not* how to conquer the Central Powers—halt here and there, blunder here and there, as we may, the eventual outcome of the war is certain: the downfall of Germany and the punishment of Prussia, the arch-enemy of Europe. But the prospect of afterwards having to regard more than a hundred millions of people in the heart of Europe as secular foes, as a loathed and boycotted section of the

human race with whom none of the Allied nations, nor even neutrals friendly to the Allied cause, can have transactions, is not a pleasant one; not an outlook of encouragement to civilization and the progress of Science—the last being the only sure path along which to attain human happiness.

Cannot Austria-Hungary find us—at the eleventh hour—a way out? Deep-seated was and is still the old friendship between Hungary and Britain. It has been shown repeatedly since the war broke out in the treatment of such British men and women as have been unable to leave the Hungarian cities. Many of these have written to point out that they are permitted to carry on their avocations with the minimum of hindrance, that they can frequent places of public intercourse without insult or even discourtesy. It is absurd to suppose for a moment that we on this side feel any animosity towards the Czechs of Bohemia, the Croats, Moravians, or Tirolese, the Styrians, the Galician Poles, the Saxons or



Roumans of Transylvania. We realize now that Austria and Hungary were forced, hypnotized, persuaded, threatened into this war by Prussia. There is just time for Austria-Hungary to realize this fact, and by withdrawing herself from the war to save not only the Austro-Hungarian Empire or Confederation of States, but once more to make of Austria the leading Power in a regenerated Germany.

The Bavarians have not behaved well in this war—from the point of view of international ethics; but the blame for this must be laid on those princes of the Wittelsbach dynasty, who had been Prussianized of late years through a too slavish admiration for the thoroughness of Prussia. Perhaps even a tiny rill of Jacobite sentiment entered into the attitude of the Bavarian Crown Prince, he having, so far as primogeniture is concerned, a theoretically superior claim to the crown of the United Kingdom. But the Bavarian people are far more naturally and racially allied to Austria than to Prussia, and within the Austrian orbit, might in course of time meet us on terms of honorable friendship. Even more is this the case with Württemberg, whose royal family is nearly allied by blood to our Queen-Empress, and whose nineteenth century history was much linked up with that of the British Empire. It was from Tübingen and from Stuttgart that came so many of those noteworthy pioneers of the British Empire in Africa and India—Krapf and Rebmann and Carl Mauch—to cite only three famous names. It was the King of Württemberg—it may now be said without indiscretion—who before the war was the leading German prince in the promotion of a movement throughout Southern Germany for better relations between the German Empire and Great Britain and France. He foresaw the coming conflict, and strove to avert it on honorable conditions for all con-

cerned. It was only the intervention of Berlin that finally checked his efforts.

The Saxons, again and again in the present war, have striven to dissociate themselves from Prussian cruelties, and towards the British troops in the field have shown themselves so near friendliness as to necessitate their being removed to other fronts where it was easier to cultivate hate.

Cannot Austria—while there is yet time—rouse herself from her stupor, cast out the Prussian devil, and invite the alliance of the South German—the *really* German—States? And with their co-operation make overtures for peace and afterwards restore the German Empire of the earlier centuries? There must be reparation, and there will have to be sacrifices towards this end. Reasonable Italian and Roumanian aspirations must be given some degree of satisfaction. Serbia and Montenegro must be restored to full nationhood, and their lands enlarged—south, east and west. And a really independent Poland must rise from the ashes of the present conflict—a buffer State between Russia, Prussia, and Hungary. For whatever sacrifices Austria might make in these directions she would be indemnified for by becoming once more the leading German State, the center of a German Empire reconciled with the world, with her maritime outlook on the Adriatic, and her chief allies within German-speaking territory; firstly, the enlarged and strengthened South German kingdoms; and secondly, a restored Kingdom of Hanover and a magnified republic of Hamburg.

With such a Germany, such a Hungary as might then arise, it would be possible for the British people and their Allies to live on brotherly terms, and jointly to pursue the common ends of humanity—the most important end of which is universal peace. But the days, the weeks, the months that are slipping by are precious.

If Austrian public opinion does not act quickly it will be too late—another of the “Too Lates” of history over which Fate mocks at crumbling Empires. We ourselves, as one of our statesmen recently reminded us, have been traveling too near the edge of this crater of pro—  
The New Statesman.

crastination to feel over-sanguine of saving Austria. But here is her chance. May she seize her opportunity! We are loath to hate Vienna, Leipzig, Stuttgart, Munich, as we, for generations to come, must hate Berlin.

*H. H. Johnston.*

## THE STILLNESS OF WAR.\*

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.

It is a warm, close night of June. For three weeks or more cold north winds and rain have supplied us with that essential of life, a grievance; but now the weather, if not fine, is at least warm. All day the chalky valleys have glared in the sun, and fields of poppy and mustard and cornflower have spread their glories before the more or less appreciative soldier; the air has grown steadily more oppressive, and clouds have drawn over, till at last a sudden whirl of dust has swept our valley from end to end, and a crashing, drenching thunderstorm had cooled the air and given us a short respite. And the night has come down, late, as it seems—for even in France, where we work impartially by day and by night we profess to save daylight—and again the air has hung heavier and heavier, like a warm wet blanket, and a soft rain is falling, so that the trenches get slippery, and the fatigue man, tottering under dixie or ammunition box, flounders about and curses freely.

And over all broods a most appalling silence. To talk of the noise of war is a commonplace—shell shock and “trench nerves” are only too real; but the silence of the trenches, though less devastating in its effects, is equally a thing to be felt and endured. Every journalist has told of the heroic salient of Ypres, where not a moment passes without the sound of a shell in the air, but none of them have written of, because none of them

\*Written on the night before our great bombardment started.

could have imagined, the trench silence, which brings, not relief, but apprehension. It is literally true that for as much as a quarter of an hour at a time not a bullet or a shell is fired within earshot of a given point in the line, and it must be said again the effect is not restful. It is weird, uncanny, unnatural.

For consider: hundreds of miles of front, held by hundreds of thousands of men, who are equipped with all the latest devices for killing; the lines rarely more than five hundred yards apart, and often less than one hundred, and for the time being—all night, in fact—nothing to show for it—not a sound, not an attempt at killing. All this vast machinery, this organization of death, this capital sunk in the great investment of war, stands idle, bringing no return, earning no dividend. The inactivity of the day is more bearable and less pronounced. The artillery is more noisy behind us, and the drone of the aeroplanes above never ceases; besides, there is palpably nothing to shoot at with a rifle, and it is folly to expose oneself by looking over the parapet. But at night it is different. The officer on duty, as he makes his rounds, wanders through trenches where the yellow mustard has rambled over the sides and spread a network between him and the stars; there is not a sound but that of his own walking and the scuffle of a prowling rat. His thoughts wander back to blessed evenings on the Cher at Oxford, with cushions and a supper basket in a

punt, urged down stream by a lazy paddle to Mesopotamia of blessed memory; or he is walking again in fancy over the quiet downs of Hampshire, or dropping down the steep slope of Honister to the inn by the lake at Buttermere. And the night is warm, and the works of Nature desirable, until, with a start, he is back in grim reality, and the silent sky becomes hateful, and the calm of the night full of fear and danger. Was I wrong to call the silence of the trenches unnatural, almost an outrage?

This much has been true of many nights in the past year, though it is not always summer, and walking in the trenches has often been a violent physical struggle with mud. But tonight there is a new meaning in the silence; instead of fear, we have been given hope. Fear and uncertainty have been banished to the other side of No Man's Land. For on this side we know that what the papers call the Summer Offensive, but we, laconically, the Push or the Stunt, is soon to be a reality. Months ago the plans have been laid; reports have been sent in, every detail has been foreseen and provided for in a way which fills us with respect and admiration for that much-maligned body, the Staff. And if we know it, the enemy knows it too. Quite apart from his system of spies behind the lines, the clouds of dust which veil our villages and roads, the unusual number of aeroplanes which make his Fokker raids few and hasty, and the frequent arrival of large shells in his lines, as a new 9'2 or 12-inch "registers"—everything combines to tell him that a new enterprise is afoot. Concentration on the scale necessary for success in modern warfare cannot be effected unseen. We have no doubt the enemy knows that our "Big Push" is coming.

The knowledge does not disturb us. To know of impending danger does not always entail an ability to guard against it. And we have more than a suspicion that the Hun is not exactly happy in his

mind. He knows of our offensive—granted. But he also knows that half the Austrian army is held in Italy, while the other half is being neatly rolled up by Russia. He knows that Russia has other cards still to play, and that Verdun is ready to take and to destroy as many men as he cares to supply. He knows that his Fleet is safe only in the Kiel Canal and behind the mine-fields of Heligoland. Finally, his logical mind knows for a fact that the Allies are beaten—on paper—while they continue to show a most irrational and disturbing determination to go on fighting and to win the war. His knowledge is complete on all these points, and he derives no comfort from it. That is why he is so quiet tonight.

Our quietness is of a different order, the quietness of confidence and of the determination to win through. Nor does it extend beyond the front line of trenches, for there alone our preparations are complete. Behind the line activity is unceasing and prodigious. The lorry-driver is earning his pay with a vengeance. Day and night new guns are coming up, and every battery means emplacements to be made for the guns, dugouts for the men, and shells, shells, shells, to be brought up. There are infantry battalions by the score, and anyone who has tried to command even a section of men knows the immense pains and care for detail that one battalion requires. And when ten battalions are massed together the work needed is multiplied not by ten, but by twenty, and so on in geometrically increasing proportion. From general to company cook, everyone is working and planning. And in all ranks is the same quiet and happy confidence that at last we are going to "get a bit of our own back on the Hun." The old days are past; shells are now plentiful; reserves are to be had for the asking. For once we are going into a fight with the odds even at least, if not in our favor. And we know it, and the

enemy knows it. The "winter of our discontent" is gone, and the full promise of summer is ours.

Naturally we do not think of our losses. They are bound to be heavy, The Saturday Review.

for our enemy is not yet beaten, and he has shells in plenty. But we are going to get the chance to meet him on level terms, and the British Army asks no more. That is why our line is so quiet tonight.

R. H.

## THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

I ought to preface this story by saying that I am a very innocent person. My nature is an unsuspicious one—or, at any rate, it used to be.

Whether it will be so in future is a question, for I have had a baptism of cynicism. But let me tell you about it.

I had dropped into the great Green Cross Sale at Gristie's when D'Arcy Williams came up and stood beside me. D'Arcy Williams is a man about town who knows all.

While we were talking a signed photograph of a Royal Personage was put up for sale, and almost immediately a voice rang out, "One hundred pounds!"

A rustle ran around the room, and all eyes were turned towards the bidder.

"Hullo!" said D'Arcy Williams, "that's Sir Gorgius Midas."

"One hundred and five," said another voice.

"One hundred and ten," said Sir Gorgius instantly.

"One hundred and fifteen," said the other.

"Hullo!" said D'Arcy Williams, "now there'll be some fun."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he replied, "the other bidder is Sir Jacobus Thruster, and he and Midas are horribly jealous of each other. Now that they've begun they'll never leave it. It'll be as good as a play, mark my words. Why go to the theatre when one can see two *nouveaux riches* getting to grips?"

The bidding rose steadily.

"One hundred and forty pounds," said Sir Gorgius.

"And five," said Sir Jacobus.

"One hundred and fifty," said Sir Gorgius.

"And five," said Sir Jacobus.

Interest was centered in the two protagonists. They were very much alike. Each had a gray suit, with a white slip and white spats and a tall hat. It is, I suppose, a kind of financiers' uniform, and I always wonder who thought of it first. Each looked over-nourished; the hall-marks of heavy lunches were stamped on their plethoric features. Each had long passed the roaring forties, and was approaching the uric sixties. They paid no attention to each other, but bid quite automatically, in perfect detachment but full also of purpose.

"Two hundred," said Sir Gorgius.

"And ten," said Sir Jacobus.

The thing had become intensely dramatic, as, of course, a sale by auction can be. STEVENSON knew this, and so did GABORIAU. The whole room was merely a background for the two rivals. It was, in fact, a duel.

The bidding rose to four hundred and ninety when, instead of saying five hundred, Sir Gorgius, by a master stroke of daring, shouted, "A thousand."

"And fifty," said Sir Jacobus, without moving any muscle but those of his lips.

"Eleven hundred," said Sir Gorgius.

"And fifty," said Sir Jacobus.

We drew nearer to them. Not a sound was heard but the bids. And so for a tense hour it went on, during which five figures were reached.

And then suddenly—so suddenly that a number of persons were seriously up-

set and one lady fainted—Sir Jacobus had a fit. Sir Gorgius had just bid twenty thousand pounds, when, without any warning, Sir Jacobus fell gurgling to the ground. It sounded almost as if his gurgles were an effort to pronounce another bid, but to that neither I nor anyone else present can swear. The facts are that Sir Gorgius had just bid twenty thousand and that Sir Jacobus collapsed. He was at once borne from the room.

The auctioneer was concerned but professional. "Any advance on twenty thousand?" he asked.

"Ought we not to postpone the sale until Sir Jacobus recovers?" Sir Gorgius asked. "I should not like to take advantage of his indisposition."

"I don't think so," said the auctioneer.

"But he made an attempt to bid," Sir Gorgius, who, it seemed to me, was a little anxious, insisted.

"I think yours may fairly be considered the last bid, Sir Gorgius," said the auctioneer, dropping his hammer. "I congratulate you, Sir, on your public spirit," and then all applauded.

And that's how the Green Cross benefited to the extent of twenty thousand pounds by the sale of a signed photograph.

A few days later I met D'Arcy Williams in a restaurant.

"Well," I said, "that was a very thrilling experience that we had at Gris-Punch.

tie's. I hope Sir Jacobus has recovered."

"Recovered?" he said. "From what?"

"From his fit."

"Bless your soul, he didn't have a fit. He saw the pace was getting too hot and he retired gracefully."

"Do you mean to say——?" I began.

"Of course I do. Sir Jacobus Thruster wasn't born yesterday. The thing was getting beyond a joke."

"Do you mean to tell me——?" I began again.

"Of course I do," he repeated. "What else could be done? It was just a question of who thought of it first. Sir Jacobus did, because he is a newer knight than Sir Gorgius; he hasn't had so long to become old and crusty. And he's full of resources, too—made his money in South Africa, you know."

For the third time I began, "Do you mean to——?"

"Oh, do please be sensible. When the irresistible force meets the immovable object—what then? Well, obviously, as I say, there had to be a diversion. Otherwise one or the other must have become bankrupt. No doubt Sir Gorgius is pretty sick that he hadn't the presence of mind that Sir Jacobus had; but he ought to be very glad, too, to have got off so cheaply."

"Good heavens!" I said. And though a week or more has passed it is still my only comment.

So now you see why I am less innocent than I was before the Sale.

## MEMORIALS OF MASSACRE.

An anonymous collector has presented to the British Museum some specimens of the medals which have been struck in Germany to commemorate episodes in the war. These will not be on view to the public apparently till after the war, but a description of them was published in the *Times* recently. They provoke much reflection on the

curious state of mind of the German nation—not to say the German artists. They are brutal and offensive in certain instances; where they are meant to be hortatory they are weak and uninspiring in spirit and design; and where they are meant to be satirical they are lamentably ponderous. The present writer has seen the medal which com-



memorates the sinking of the "Lusitania." It is a well-nigh incredible production—not in design but in spirit—and does the deepest dishonor to the medallist who conceived it, and to the German people whose feelings are gratified by it. One side of this medal shows a queue of Americans, men, women, and children, approaching the window of a booking-office. Behind the window is a skeleton—a figure of Death—selling tickets. A comfortable-looking man in a top-hat is holding up a warning finger. Evidently he is a German advising the Americans not to embark in the ill-fated liner. But the spectator is given to understand that the Americans place "business above everything." *Geschäft über Alles* is the motto. On the other side is a representation of the "Lusitania" sinking, under the superscription "No Contraband." The decks of the liner are loaded with munitions of war and an aeroplane (all ready for use, oddly enough, as though aeroplanes were carried like that); and the bows of the ship, in order that pictorial misstatement may not fall short of perfection, are fashioned in the shape of a ram. The artist is Herr Götz, who, if we may judge by his output, seems to have hit the public taste more accurately than most of the other medallists.

This glorification of the "Lusitania" crime does not bear thinking about. The artistic reveling in all the circumstances and the death of innocent men, women and children, numerous enough to populate a small town, is utterly revolting. One could just understand an argument to the effect that "stern necessity" required the sinking of the "Lusitania," even though one could not for a moment excuse the argument; but to celebrate the deed by medals to be kept as agreeable souvenirs is beyond comprehension. The reign of Louis Quatorze was remarkable for its exquisite commemorative medals, but, so far as we know, no medallist thought the

murderous devastation of the Palatinate by the "Most Christian Turk," as Englishmen called Louis, was a suitable subject for a medal. Napoleon had several medals struck in honor of his achievements, but we never heard that his medallists dared to suppose that they would be consulting his honor by commemorating the base acts which he thought military necessity required him to commit. They did not design medals in honor of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, or of the unhappy Bavarian bookseller Palm, or in honor of his massacre of two thousand five hundred prisoners of war at Jaffa. Napoleon's medals were innocent of brutality, whatever we may think of their vanity and vain-gloriousness. Englishmen, for instance, look with pleasure, combined with an agreeable sense of security, on the medal which Napoleon had struck, with pitiful prematureness, to commemorate his invasion of England. The words "frappé à Londres" on the medal are surely the finality of organized mendacity. "Nullum scribendi genus quod tetigit non ornavit," wrote Johnson of Goldsmith. It would be almost true to say of the German medallists that they can touch no subject without making it infamous. The German medal of the "Lusitania" episode is worse than the Papal medal commemorating the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. At least Gregory XIII believed that he was celebrating the saving of souls. The Germans know that they are glorifying nothing but the god of material force.

The criticism in the *Times* mentions other medals which are now in the British Museum. One heavily satirizes the arrival of the Indian troops in France. They are represented as a traveling circus. An Indian carries a placard announcing (with five mistakes in the French) the chief attraction; and there is a Highlander of terrific stature who is shoving a reluctant elephant towards the war. Another shows Bismarck, like

Cato in the famous statue, pronouncing his "Delenda est Carthago" over the British Navy. But the critic says that Bismarck looks as though he had taken refuge in an armchair from the rising tide. Other medals, which exploit the theme of "Gott strafe England," have Admiral Tirpitz as the principal figure. We can well believe that the very long straggling beard of the Admiral cannot be treated heroically. On the reverse of one of these medals Neptune is seen seated on a submarine and shaking his fist at British shipping. But unhappily the god is said to look as though he had been marooned on a little island and were venting his wrath on the ship that deserted him. A prematurely struck medal is in honor of von Kluck, and the reverse represents a Fury riding "to Paris 1914." Yet another curiously mendacious medal shows London round about the Tower Bridge being burnt by Zeppelin bombs on August 17th-18th, 1915. It may be said here that the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery has had on view for some time a set of these German medals. The bombardment of Scarborough and the bombing of Southend are among the subjects treated. Photographic reproductions of some of these medals are being sold in aid of the Red Cross funds. One wonders why the Germans have not struck medals in honor of the massacres of Louvain, Aerschot, and Dinant. But perhaps they *have* done it. The shooting of a long row of civilian hostages would surely make a highly impressive design, and a delightful souvenir! Mr. Raemaekers's cartoons would give the German medallists a wrinkle or two, if they have any power of inversion. There is the making of an unforgettable medal in the words of the condemned Belgian boy hostage, "What have we done, father?"

The art of the medallist has fallen on evil days in Britain, through neglect, not through baseness. By a negative process, perhaps the products of Ger-

many may bestir our artists to a revival. It is very interesting to know that Sir Arthur Evans, President of the Royal Numismatic Society, has offered prizes for medals in honor of the battle of Jutland Bank. When the war ends there will be on view, in the Layard Collection, an exceptionally interesting picture which will remind our medallists of a great episode in the history of their art. Mohammed II, after the capture of Constantinople, wished to celebrate his triumph by means of a commemorative medal. His fancy had been fired by what he had heard, or seen, of medals in Christian countries, and to satisfy his desire he was willing to disregard the strictest injunctions of Islam. He applied to the Venetian Republic, and on their recommendation invited Gentile Bellini—brother of the more famous Giovanni Bellini—to visit Constantinople. Gentile Bellini, among many other works completed at Constantinople, painted a portrait of Mohammed in profile in order that it might be reproduced on a medal. The medal was afterwards struck—or was it cast?—in Venice, and examples are extant.

The demand for war memorials will certainly give a fine opportunity to medallists. Why not have a real revival? France has never dropped the art, and those who know the work of Chaplain, Roty, and others realize that, though there is much common stuff turned out, there is also much that is good. Thomas Simon, the creator of the medal which celebrated Cromwell's victory at Dunbar, and who also designed the Great Seal of "His Highness the Protector of the Liberties of England," was probably altogether the greatest of English medallists. No art is more difficult if it be required to suggest an important episode in a very small space. The inability to reject detail, and the consequent overcrowding and weakness, has always been the pitfall of the medallist, even to some extent of Simon. The medallist who re-

fuses to be content with simple portraits must, if he would be great, be a master of representative ideas. If he cannot let  
The Spectator.

you see the wood for the trees he is lost, and so is everyone who looks upon the medal.

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THE TEST OF BATTLE.

We are not good at shouting in the street,  
At waving flags or tossing caps in air;  
We take our triumphs as we take defeat  
With scarce a hint of having turned a hair;  
And so our pride today  
Declines to boom itself the German way.

But most because, from mine and desk and mart,  
Springing to face a task undreamed before  
Our men, inspired to play their prentice part,  
Like soldiers lessoned in the school of war,  
True to their breed and name  
Went flawless through the fierce baptismal flame.

Yet we are proud because at last, at last  
We look upon the dawn of our desire;  
Because the weary waiting-time is passed  
And we have tried our temper in the fire;  
And, proving word by deed,  
Have kept the faith we pledged to France at need.  
Punch.

And he who brought these armies into life,  
And on them set the impress of his will—  
Could he be moved by sound of mortal strife  
There where he lies, their Captain, cold and still  
Under the shrouding tide,  
How would his great heart stir and glow with pride!

*Owen Seaman.*

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "The New Thought Library," the Thomas Y. Crowell Company publish two booklets,—*"The Healing Power of Suggestion"* by the Rev. Charles R. Brown, who discusses the influence which ideas exert upon the body, and indicates two groups of Scripture texts which he believes to be especially helpful in banishing fear, and inducing sleep; and *"Discourses in the Sober Life,"* written in the sixteenth century by Luigi Cornaro, who practised the rules of a temperate and healthful life here laid down so assiduously that he lived until the age of 103.

A good many of the war books, like most of the "best-sellers" in fiction, will be forgotten not many months after their publication, but Boyd Cable's *"Action Front,"* like Ian Hay's *"The First Hundred Thousand,"* is destined to live, and will be read with keen interest long after the cruel struggle is over. In these dozen or more graphic sketches, the author takes in each as a text a brief extract from an official dispatch, and then tells the story of the incident touched upon as it seemed to the men who had part in it. He has a rare sense of humor, as well as a keen appreciation of heroism and self-sacrifice, and

whether he is describing scenes in camp, or on the battlefield, or in hospitals, his sketches are true to life, touched with sympathy, and vivid in their portrayals of character. Such stories as "In Enemy Hands," "A Benevolent Neutral," "As Others See," "The Fear of Fear" and "A Fragment" are real and lasting additions to the literature of the war. E. P. Dutton & Company.

As the title of the book indicates, Mr. Frederick W. Kilbourne's "Chronicles of the White Mountains" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is concerned more with history and legend than with mere description. It is not in the same field with the guide-books, but it supplements them most admirably. Touching briefly upon the old Indian legends, it pictures the courage and hardships of the pioneers who first settled among the peaks and passes, describes the beginnings of the history of the region as a place of resort and recreation, and follows its development from the opening of the first modest house of entertainment more than a century ago down to the present day. The literature of the region, the pictures of it given by poets and artists, the descriptions of it by foreign visitors, the results of scientific explorations, quaint and diverting stories of White Mountain "characters," and accounts of the tragedies befalling rash climbers in the Presidential range enter into the scope of the book and add to its interest. There are thirty or more illustrations from photographs.

A volume of unique personal and historic interest is M. J. J. Jusserand's "With Americans of Past and Present Days" (Charles Scribner's Sons). M. Jusserand, Ambassador of France to the United States, is now, as he describes himself in his Preface, the dean, not only of the diplomatic corps at Washington, but of all his predecessors. He has served thirteen years—a

term of unprecedented length—and, though this is something which he does not say in his Preface, he has won a place in the regard of American public men and of the American people second to no one in the diplomatic service, with the exception of Viscount Bryce. The present volume is an expression of his regard for this country, and his sympathetic appreciation of its aims and ideals. In it, he has grouped four historical studies of subjects of special interest for their bearing upon Franco-American relations, and three addresses upon public occasions. The first group of papers are upon Rochambeau and the French in America; Major L'Enfant and the Federal City; Washington and the French; and Abraham Lincoln. The subjects of the addresses are The Franklin Medal, delivered on the occasion of the second centennial of Franklin's birth, at Philadelphia, in April, 1906; Horace Howard Furness, delivered before the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia, in January, 1913; and From War to Peace, delivered before the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, in December, 1910. M. Jusserand is master of a brilliant literary style, and the first three papers in particular, aside from their personal interest, are valuable contributions to American history.

Alice Brown's "The Prisoner" is not the much-despised "Victorian novel," although quite as observant of all the decencies of form, for it leaves the virginal heroine complacently planning her marriage with a man whose wife is still living, although sailing the seas with another man, with matrimonial intentions, to be fulfilled as soon as geographically convenient. In the reign of the queen regnant, a novelist who arranged such a situation would have described it as inflicting pangs of anguish on somebody, whereas the behavior of Miss

Brown's adulteress gives no lasting discomfort to any beholder, and inspires male spectators with no stronger emotion than may be expressed in a lazy "Good riddance." This does not imply that they are stupid. Some of them feel that all are in the web of the *Parcæ*, others have schooled themselves to tender forgiveness of ladies with Samaritan proclivities in the matter of husbands, and a few are filled with the high charity that endures all things, even the open triumph of impudent wickedness. As for the precious levitating pair, the woman is the worse, but the man is vicious enough to make it evident that their united lives will not be of unmixed felicity, and one is conscious of relishing their approaching tribulations. Doubtless this feeling would be sinful in real life, and this gives it an agreeable savor of its own. The Macmillan Company.

Culloden sets the key of John Foster's "The Bright Eyes of Danger," for the supposed narrator is one of King George's men, who gave up honor for the Stuart, and went away to die far from love and home. The Stuart graciously accepted the offering, following the tradition of his family in all things, and Edmund Layton of Darehope in Liddesdale fulfilled the destiny laid upon him and his noble wife, "All of Which," as he says in his subtitle, "Came of Meddling in Other Folks Affairs." But he lived through the days between Preston and Culloden, and his concern for the Border and for King George was mingled with doubts and fears as to his own momentous private affairs. Finding buried treasure, making love to the most wilful and mysterious of dames, and the evasion of scoundrels of many grades were a few of the tasks laid upon him, and, although he did his duty, it was a sorrowful man who wrote the thick roll sent to his wife from India when he died fighting for England with Clive. That

wise soldier and man of the world, Colonel Henry Esmond, recorded his opinion that the Stuarts were fated to ruin themselves and all who trusted them, and Mr. Foster's judgment is similar, but his story is written in an entirely different vein, and he contemplates the royal qualities more tolerantly. Also he has what Esmond had not, eyes and ears for the sights and sounds of woodland and river, and his beloved Spey ripples and rolls through his pages with a tone not borrowed from Afton or Clyde. He who would read a good romance of eighteenth century Scotia, should take "The Bright Eyes of Danger" for a vacation companion. J. B. Lippincott Company.

"The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler, is the history of five generations of the Pontifex family, but especially of Ernest, son of the Rev. Theobald, who went to a Dickensian school, then to Cambridge, made most of the fatal mistakes in the calendar, and ended as a writer of iconoclastic books. It was begun in 1872 and finished in 1884, but was not published till after the death of the author in 1902. Arnold Bennett calls it, in heavy type on the paper jacket, "one of the great novels of the world." Wm. Lyon Phelps, in his Introduction, speaks of it as "this amazingly clever, original, brilliant, diabolical novel." A comparison with Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street," which it suggests at so many points, and falls short of at each, is enough to shatter its claims to supreme greatness as a novel; but Professor Phelps's characterization stands. For a novelist, Butler was too intent on intellectual abstractions and cared too little for people. He is too full of petty animosity. Too many of his major characters are only remarkably lifelike straw-men, set up for the pleasure of knocking them down. Mrs. Jupp, with her wicked cackle, is the only one who really lives. He wrote



to berate hypocrisy and smugness, to insist that children and their parents should be separated and that money was the most important thing in life, and to scintillate with stinging paradoxes. What a pity, he remarks, that children couldn't emerge full-grown from a cocoon, wrapped in ten to twenty thousand pounds in notes, and find that their parents had died several seasons before. "St. Anthony," he observes, "tempted the devils quite as much as they tempted him; for his peculiar sanctity was a greater temptation to tempt him than they could stand." Also, "Mr. Skinner had the harmlessness of the serpent and the wisdom of the dove." His main thesis is that the only lives that matter in the world are those that are instinctively happy, beautiful, wise, kindly, and easy, the life, in short, of the born aristocrat; all others are only accessories or failures. His style is dry, nervous, and crablike, reminiscent of Crivelli's ascetic saints. E. P. Dutton & Company.

William Vernon Backus's little book "Making Happiness Epidemic" (Henry Holt & Co.) has an alluring title, and the contents do not belie it. Yet the book is not one of commonplace sentiment but of sensible and perfectly practical suggestions. For example, this formula: "Ignore rudeness; but show appreciation of courtesy always." How many people are prompt to report to an employer the rudeness or blunder of an employee, yet never think of taking the trouble to report any special attention or courtesy. Mr. Backus's analysis of the way in which people pass irritation along, the indignation aroused by some affront finding expression in rudeness or unjust fault-finding toward some innocent third person, and by him or her passed along in an endless chain of ill-humor is keen and just; and must suggest to the most casual reader the ques-

tion "Why not pass along pleasant things instead?" Whether in home life, in society or in business Mr. Backus's hints and maxims are applicable, and many a large employer might find profitable returns from distributing copies of it among his employees,—not neglecting to read it carefully himself. Society is afflicted with so many epidemics, material and spiritual, that the idea of making happiness epidemic certainly deserves consideration; and Mr. Backus's book opens the way to it. If all grown-up people were to adopt the Boy Scout rule of trying to do at least one kind act every day, this would be quite a different world.

The fundamental thought in Dr. Robert Maxwell Harbin's volume on "Paradoxical Pain" (Sherman, French and Company) is indicated in the Preface. To the average man, pain is pain, and he takes no special thought about different sorts of pain, except as regards their relative severity. But Dr. Harbin argues that there are two classes of pain: what he describes as "paradoxical pain" that sooner or later serves some beneficent purpose and is constructive in its effect, while the opposite kind of pain is evil and works for harm and destruction. He shows that all progress is attended by more or less effort, which is usually more or less painful; that defeat has its share in bringing success; and that, in the spiritual life, suffering may increase enjoyment, and self-sacrifice lead to the highest happiness. Altogether, it is a very hopeful and ennobling view of life which Dr. Harbin presents in this book, and it is the more useful because the conclusions reached are scientifically worked out. A careful consideration of the facts and reasoning presented in these cheering pages may well make the reader more courageous in facing the problems of life.